GEORGE JEAN NATHAN'S MOVIE FAVORITES

New Movie

A TOWER MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1935

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JAN - 7 1935

NORMA SHEARER

RALPH BELLAMY TELLS ON FREDRIC MARCH

WHY I'D HATE TO BE A MOVIE STAR



"You can't buy love"

SAY PARISIENNES



But you can buy and be Irresistible

LIKE a Parisienne you can set hearts on fire if you use the lure French women never neglect...an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. This, mysteriously exotic fragrance stirs senses...thrills...awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure an utterly new, *different* lipstick melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film...just soft, warm, ripe, red, *indelible* color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be pure and of the finest quality. Be irresistible tonight...buy IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS today. Ask at the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store for IRRESISTIBLE Perfume, Lip Lure, Face Powder, Vanishing, Liquefying, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Irresistible Perfume and Beauty Aids

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

"SHOCKING!"—SAYS EDITOR OF VOGUE

"SPLENDID!"—SAYS YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"



"THE most shocking picture I ever saw," says Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue. "Any woman who behaved like that would *never* receive another dinner invitation."

But there's nothing shocking about it to dentists.

"Splendid," would be your own dentist's verdict. "This is a true educational picture, a graphic lesson in the proper use of the teeth. If we moderns ate as vigorously, if all of us ate more rough, coarse food, we would hear a lot less about tender, sensitive, ailing gums."

Dental science explains that since soft, creamy foods have displaced coarse, raw foods, the gums suffer. They get sluggish and often so tender that "pink tooth brush" has become a very common warning signal.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is well known to your dentist. He knows that serious troubles, such as gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease may follow. And he knows that massage is needed to stimulate and firm your gums.

If you are wise, you will begin at once to massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Each time, rub a little extra Ipana on the gums. For Ipana with massage helps restore gums to healthy firmness.

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums firmer. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

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NRA CODE

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*City*_____ *State*_____

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

JAN-4 1935

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new movie

VOL. XI No. 2 • • • FEBRUARY 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • Mary Marshall, Director of Home Service; John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Hugh Ryan, Art Director • Verne Noll, Associate Art Director.

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

SOME of you probably wonder, from time to time, why pictures of certain stars appear on movie magazine covers more often than others. And some of you, too, may wonder why your own favorite star does not appear. There are many reasons: Sometimes a new personage sweeps the country by storm, capturing the hearts and minds of the vast movie-going public, as in the case of Anna Sten; sometimes, it is an old favorite, who again zooms into prominence; but often it is the dear-to-the-heart-of-the-public type of star, whose performances, year after year, give her deeper hold on your affections.

Such is the case, this month, in the selection of Norma Shearer, for the place of honor on NEW MOVIE'S cover. Norma, besides being an outstanding actress, of great talent and charm, is also one of Hollywood's most delightful persons. She is a good wife and an excellent mother, and in addition to her never-ending home-work, she brings you a new picture every several months. And now, our Nemo reports, Norma is again to play the greatest role a woman can play. About the time you read this, or shortly afterward, Norma will present her husband, Irving Thalberg, with another child. She hopes that it will be a girl, so that little Irving Jr., will have a little sister for a companion.

• • •

In every issue of NEW MOVIE, you find stories which the editor refers to as "personality stories." These are planned to give you an intimate picture of some star whom you would like to know better. Such a story is the one Elsie Janis is preparing for you on Walter Connolly, who, from a small beginning in a Columbia picture just a year and a half ago, has steadily and surely won for himself a vast following. They say, in Hollywood, that if every studio wants to borrow you, you are a success. In Mr. Connolly's case, this is indeed true. For in the last several months, in addition to picture work at his own studio, he has been busily engaged in giving sterling performances for Fox, Paramount, and other major producers. Elsie Janis, who knew him during his early stage successes in New York, has done another vivacious article that we are sure you will like.

• • •

When it was rumored that Edward J. Flynn, astute New York politician, was to succeed Will Hays as head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, the leading executives of the movies, quite unknown to Mr. Hays, issued a round robin denial of the report. The general belief is that Mr. Hays has made such a good job of his current clean-up of the movies that he has become too valuable to displace. There is no question but that the church organizations which initiated the clean-up are, in the main, satisfied with Mr. Hays' conduct of it. But is his censorship going too far, and entering the field of politics as well as that of sex vulgarity? The report comes from Hollywood that Walter Wanger's production, "The President Vanishes," has been having hard sledding at the hands of Hays censors because it is a political caricature. Certainly the industry and Mr. Hays would do well to shun political censorship of the movies, and as a friend of the industry and Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, NEW MOVIE hopes that the changes, if any, ordered in "The President Vanishes" will be in its moral rather than political tone.

• • •

It is the custom in certain smart Manhattan and Hollywood circles to laugh at the so-called "British invasion" of the American movie business. The scoffers point out that London Films have so far delivered but two winners, "Catherine the Great," and "Henry the Eighth," while another great English producer, Gaumont British, has only come through with "Power" and "Chu Chin Chow." No other English producer has yet rung the bell on this side, although Herbert Wilcox's "Nell Gwyn" is rated as having possibilities of becoming an American box-office hit. True, all this does not make the "invasion" anything for American producers to worry over, but on the other hand five important attractions in one year might well become ten important pictures in two years, fifteen in three years, and so on. It is not beyond possibility that the English producers may yet be making twenty to twenty-five per cent of the pictures that American fans pay their money to see. Big conquests grow from little "invasions" and the scoffers better not bet.

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"I ADORE YOU..."



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GINGER ROGERS

STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"

THRILLING WORDS . . . BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, lovely skin is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and *keep* it.

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! It's easy to guard against this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly is actually leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually the pores become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear, blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with this safe, sure care 9 out of 10 screen stars use!



To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, thousands of girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' complexion care. The ACTIVE lather of Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*—protects the skin.

NRA CODE

RE-VAMPING THE STARS

No matter how beautiful they are originally there isn't a girl in the world that the studios can't improve upon and make more beautiful and glamorous than you'd ever believe

By KATHRYN WHITE



Above is Norma Shearer in pre-studio days; right, the Norma you see today.





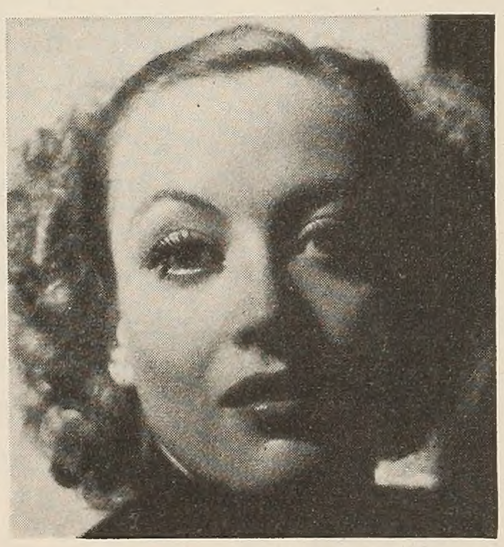
Look at Garbo as she arrived from Sweden, compared with the Garbo styled by studio experts.



Dietrich offers a less startling contrast. Beauty was visible, just under the surface.







But Joan Crawford was another matter. Can you recognize her in the old photo?



The process of re-styling still goes on. Josephine Hutchinson, before and after.





WHEN it comes to beautiful gals, the movies are just like men . . .

First they see her, and want her. So they begin to make love to her.

They tell her she's beautiful and wonderful and magnificent and just the kind of gal they've always been looking for. They tell her her hair is like spun gold and her teeth are like pearls and her eyes are like stars. They tell her the way she walks is grand and the way she talks is gorgeous, and, in short, that everything about her is just simply perfect!

And they keep on with that line, and with all sorts of pretty-worded propositions until the poor gal just gives in and says yes.

And so they sign her up for life, or something. With men, it's marriage; with the movies, it's a contract on the dotted line. And anyway, whichever it is, they've got her.

And so what?

Why, then they go to work on the poor honey, and they tell her that everything about her is all wrong. They tell her her hair is blah and her teeth are haywire and her eyes are lopsided. They tell her she walks like a sway-backed horse, and talks like a cow. In short, that everything about her is wrong, all wrong. And so, they proceed to remake her—to make her all over. Or try to, anyway.

And if you don't believe it, ask any beautiful gal who has said "Yes" to the movies. Ask Margaret Sullavan. Or Josephine Hutchinson. They know. So does Garbo, because they did it to her. And Shearer. And all of them. Ask them. Ask Ketti Gallian, that luscious little French dame Winnie Sheehan signed for Fox, over in Paris, and whom they've been making over for almost a year, and who's so darned mad about it that she says her mother won't ever forgive them for what they're doing to her.

When Fox signed Ketti, it was after telling her how utterly perfect she was, and how long they'd been looking for somebody just like her. Those eyes, uh! That honey hair, ah! Those curves—ooh la la; Them teeth—bay-bee! And Ketti signed on the dotted line and came to Hollywood and WHAM!

First thing they sailed into was the hair. That honey color that got Sheehan all dithery just wouldn't photograph honey color, so they lightened it a half-dozen shades and changed *THAT*. The wardrobe department looked at the curves that had thrilled Sheehan, and said they were lovely, *BUT!* And Ketti had to go on a diet, and eat spinach and spinach and spinach and a lot of fancy things with glandular something or other that raised the dickens with the curves and changed *THAT*. And they sicked a masseuse on her who slapped and pounded her once or twice a day on the you-know and changed *THAT*, too.

And the way she talked—oh my, oh my! It sounded swell in Paris but lousy in a microphone, they told her. And so for hours a day she was tutored in proper American pronunciation to combat her cute French accent and that changed *THAT*. Then they went to work on her face and even changed *THAT!* They shifted her eyebrows from where Dame Nature had put them, to somewhere 'way up near the hairline, and they looked at her lovely round cheeks and decided that she ought to have a caved-in look like Dietrich's face, so they yanked a flock of wisdom teeth and molars and changed *THAT*.

And finally, after weeks had run into months and months had added up to almost a year, Ketti Gallian, who didn't look, act, sound like the Ketti Gallian Fox had originally signed, blew up on the set one day and yelled:

"I am sick of this. I can't stand any more of this! They signed me because they thought I was pretty—and now look what they've done to me! I don't like the way I look—and my mother will never forgive them for spoiling me!"

But it's not really that Ketti isn't as beautiful as her mother thinks; it's just the darn business of lights, the shadows they cast, AND the camera that causes all the trouble.

She *IS* beautiful . . . just as beautiful as Mr. Sheehan, her mother and all the Parisians who saw her on the stage thought her. But that doesn't mean a thing when the camera goes to work. The gals shouldn't be so bitter, and the public should not assume that they are not gorgeously lovely creatures simply because a few things have to be done to 'em to satisfy that old demon . . . camera.

You'll see Ketti in Fox's "Marie Galante." But the Ketti Gallian you'll see in "Marie Galante" will NOT be the Ketti Gallian Mr. Sheehan saw and signed in Paris.

KETTI'S not the only one. Ah, no. Consider Margaret Sullavan—

Margaret says she never was sold on herself as a beauty, until the movies told her she was one. This time, it was Universal Studios, and in New York they sang the same tune into Margaret's ears—"you're wonderful, you're perfect, you're just the type we've been looking for," and all that sort of thing.

"So I took a look at my face in the mirror," said Margaret, "and I said to myself: 'Well, Sullavan, maybe there's something there that you've missed. Maybe you've got that ephemeral thing or what-do-you-call-it that is Beauty.'

"And so I fell for the song and dance, and I signed with Universal. And wait till I tell you what they did to me . . .

"The first day I was in Hollywood, they looked me over—the make-up boys and the cameramen and the executives and the directors and the yes-boys and the no-boys. And whatever it was that was so beautiful when they wanted to hire me, they now wanted to change.

"They began with a mole on my left cheek. In New York, they'd told me that that was the clincher—that that was the mark of beauty. So they took it off! That was the first sacrifice.

" 'You have to have new teeth,' they said, next. 'Yours need repairing and straightening anyway, and so we might as well take out that whole upper row, there, and give you a nice new plate.' "

But Margaret would have none of that. She stood her ground, and so they compromised on a shield—one of those fake fronts that fits over one's real teeth and (*Please turn to page* 67)

A WASHDAY THRILL TO GLADDEN ANY HEART



SAVE time, work, money on washday—use Rinso! See what rich, lively suds it gives—*even in hardest water*. Recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers—by the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers. Safe for finest cottons and linens—white or colors. Wonderful for dishes and *all* household cleaning. Easy on the hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG "economy" package.

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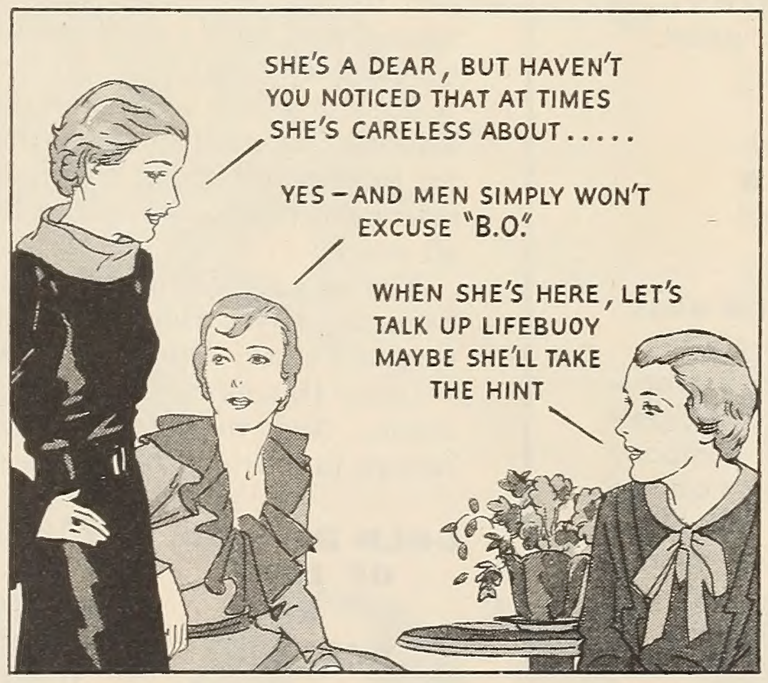
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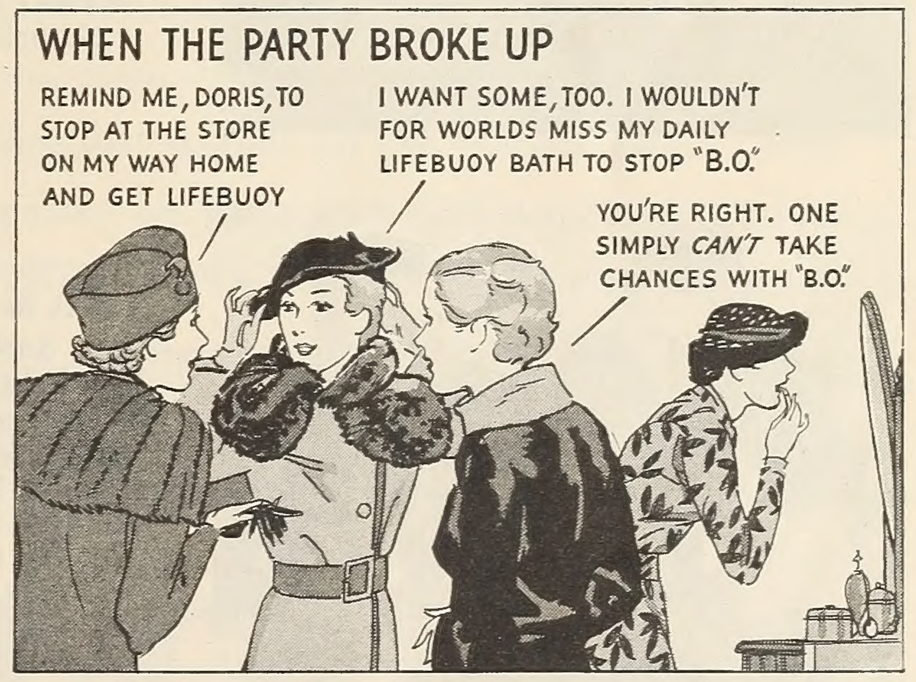
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The biggest selling package soap in America

HELPFUL HINT SPEEDS SLOW ROMANCE











THREE MONTHS LATER





SO MILD yet so effective. Cleansing deeply, thoroughly, without a trace of harshness. No wonder complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's gentle, pore-purifying action—glow with new radiant health.

Perspire in winter?

Yes—a *quart* daily, science says! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It lathers richly, *purifies* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

NRA CODE



DAVID COPPERFIELD
(M-G-M)
A careful, beautifully done version of the Dickens novel. See page 18, and if you can still resist going to see it, something's certainly wrong.

•



FORSAKING ALL OTHERS
(M-G-M)
Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Billie Burke, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy. Sophisticated comedy, bound to please you.

•



FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE
(Paramount)
Paul Lukas, international crook, steals diamonds for Gertrude Michael but is cleverly outwitted by Walter Connolly, as Father Brown, a Catholic priest.

•



MILLS OF THE GODS
(Columbia)
May Robson is grandmother to a prosperous plow company and a batch of youngsters who bleed her for her money. With Victor Jory and Fay Wray.

•



ENCHANTED APRIL
(RKO)
Ann Harding and Frank Morgan, married, have a falling out, but April in Italy brings romance back again. Romance and some comedy, too.

ON THE SET with the COMING PICTURES

Picking that picture for to-night is always a bit of a problem. Let BARBARA BARRY, our studio scout, help you with it

MAYBE we're wrong, but the story of the dashing young prince who falls in love with a charming commoner and is obliged sadly to relinquish a great love in favor of duty to his country, sounds very, oh, very familiar.

From the sidelines, we watched Ramon Novarro dish out his own particular brand of Amorous Advance to the properly reluctant, though charming, commoner, Miss Evelyn Laye.

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG
•
M-G-M

It seems that, to cover up his romance with a gold-digging Countess, Ramon has hired Evelyn, a ballet dancer, to pose as his real amour. And, to keep her job in the Royal Opera House, Miss Laye agrees to accept the job of inamorata in name only.

Out of camera range, Vicki Baum, the author, watched the scene with critical intensity. No one was going to take her brain child and part its hair the wrong way! However, at the finish of the shot, her face relaxed and, with a swift smile for Director Dudley Murphy, she signified her complete approval.

Back in a dark corner, swathed from chin to heels in a swanky military cape, Edward Everett Horton dozed comically in his canvas chair. Lower and lower his head would droop and just about the time it looked as though the poor man must pitch over on the floor, he'd snap into an erect position and start all over!

The sets are really gorgeous. And, the cast . . . well, just give a look! Novarro, Laye, Horton, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, Donald Cook, Cecilia Parker, Albert Conti, Henry Stephenson, and a lot more!

Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg gave their all on lyrics and music. And, with Ramon crooning the strictly Viennese ditties, we'll be big enough to overlook the triteness of the plot.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935
•
WARNERS

THERE'S music in the air this month! Which'll it be, folks . . . Hammerstein? . . . or Warren and Dubin, who go to town on some right snappy numbers for the new "Gold Diggers" opus?

We really needn't tell you that Dick Powell has the star spot as yodeller supreme, because, after all, who but our Dick could turn on the harmony "as you like it"?

Dick is a young medical student, clerking in a fashionable hotel during vacations.

He falls in love with Gloria Stuart, whose mother, a snooty widow, wants to impress the social world with her affluence by putting on a benefit show for the milk fund.

Which brings us to what we've been waiting for all the time, with a hey, nonny-nonny and a One . . . Two . . . Three . . . Kick!

The chorus numbers are, if anything, more elaborately beautiful than ever before. And Busby Berkeley, who has heretofore directed nothing but the dance numbers, is having a fling at putting the entire company through its paces.

The day we stuck our nose on the set, Dick and Gloria were strolling the entire length of a colossal hotel lobby singing "I'll Go Shopping with You."

Starting at the far end, they walked slowly, looking fondly into each other's eyes and saying it with music, followed every step of the way by the rubber-tired camera and most of the crew.

Gloria's snobbish mother objects to her daughter's romance with what she considers a "nobody." But, after she gets the (*Please turn to page* 63)

2 YEARS *of waiting*

and now the motion picture that wins

SCREEN FAME!





Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

SEQUOIA

Pronounced "SEE-QUO-YAH"

A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN

with

JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN
Based on the novel "Malibu" *by* Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

NAPOLEON'S MASTER
with the troops . . . . with the ladies

Arliss surpasses himself!

•

Wellington, the Iron Duke, who out-maneuvered Napoleon on the battle-fields and in the ball-rooms of France!

Thrillingly portrayed by the electrifying genius of George Arliss!



GEORGE ARLISS

IN

The IRON DUKE

Directed by Victor Saville



COMING

TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE . . .

•

NOVA PILBEAM, *in* LITTLE FRIEND;
CHU CHIN CHOW; POWER;
EVELYN LAYE *in* EVENSONG;
JACK HULBERT *in* JACK AHOY;
JESSIE MATTHEWS *in* EVERGREEN;
EVELYN LAYE, HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .

GB GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS

Charles Butterworth, Billie Burke, Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Forsaking All Others."

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

Clark Gable has the honor of opening our gallery this month, for two good reasons. First, because a nation-wide poll of exhibitors shows him still to be running in first place in popularity. Second, because he is kind, honest, loyal; a fine actor and a fine man.

Tanner





IN FRENCH, TETE-A-TETE. The last two stars we ever expected to see teamed in this world were Myrna Loy and Cary Grant. Their personalities and pictures are as unlike as black and white. But teamed they are, as fellow aviators, in "Wings in the Dark."



IN ENGLISH, CHEEK TO CHEEK. It's hard to believe, that Anita Louise and Tom Brown, are old enough to get married, but married they'll be, if the talk is true. For once the casting department has a heart, too, because they're together in "Bachelor of Arts."



THE CHARM OF ROMANCE. Every now and then the studios bring over another foreign hero for us, with loud blowing of trumpets. Francis Lederer is one of the rare few with staying-power. "Romance in Manhattan" was weak, but if he does "The Three Musketeers" we may have a new Fairbanks.



THE CHARM OF BOYISHNESS. When juveniles are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. Robert Young, thank heaven, is very good. His latest is"The Band Plays On."

The New Movie Magazine, February, 1935



THE CHARM OF RESTRAINT. Whatever it is that these quiet British chaps have, America seems to enjoy it. Herbert Marshall can do more with a fleeting smile than most actors can do with dynamite.



THE CHARM OF DIGNITY. Henry Stephenson is not a star. You generally see him as somebody's aristocratic father, or as a gruff, kindly old uncle. A cultured, experienced, cosmopolitan gentleman, his charm comes out clearly on the screen. You'll see him next as the Emperor in "The Night Is Young."



Otto Dyar

WARNER BAXTER. Why should we tell you that Warner Baxter will be with Janet Gaynor in "One More Spring," we'd like to know? Shucks, you'll just go and see the dern ol' picture anyway. And did you see his grand performance in Columbia's "Broadway Bill"?



Eugene Robert Richee

CLAUDETTE COLBERT. A year ago she was in a slump. It happened one day that she turned comedienne in "It Happened One Night." Then tragedienne in the gilt "Cleopatra." And now Claudette triumphs with Fred MacMurray in "The Gilded Lily."

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN'S

MOVIE FAVORITES

Continuing our series of Favorite Stars of Famous Men. Last month Sinclair Lewis chose Hepburn. Now Nathan picks *three!*

By DOUGLAS GILBERT

IMAGINE my surprise when I asked George Jean Nathan, a short time ago, to discriminate among the fair of Hollywood, to select her who stood above her talkie sisters in point of glamour and ability—and he complied. Complied? He fairly showered me with choices, awarding three apples, one each to Loretta Young, Jean Muir and Sylvia Sidney, for reasons you will hereinafter be informed.

An academic skeptic, the First Critic of our legitimate theater, a delightful sneerer of the screen, it was Mr. Nathan's erstwhile habit to lock himself in his ivory tower in the Hotel Royalton here in New York communing with himself and the higher drama and available only upon the stage whisper of Eugene O'Neill.

I hadn't known that in these recent years Mr. Nathan had been slinking into movie palaces. The drama had always been his one escape. It is a curious, but heartening, unmasking, Mr. Nathan's sudden interest in the films; for here is what he said to me but a few years ago:

"The talkies are but fifteen-cent theater. The best I ever saw was 'Under the Roofs of Paris.' (A French film he saw abroad.) It was ingenious; but ingenious trash."

Now, this February, under the cinema's broadening influence, Mr. Nathan issues the following ukase:

"I place in nomination these three women of the screen:

"Loretta Young for her ability to play love scenes with infinitely more effectiveness than any of her contemporaries. She has, above all the others, the gift of convincing 'looking,' that is, the persuasion of an audience that her eyes are acting synchronously and dramatically with her ears. A number of screen players 'listen' skilfully, but no one save Miss Young, in my opinion, so well combines the aforesaid 'listening' and 'looking.' In addition, there is a warm, womanly quality in her that distinguishes her from many of her highly artificialized and spuriously arctic sisters.



James Montgomery Flagg

George Jean Nathan, the ogre of Broadway, and the most feared of American drama critics.

"Secondly, I would nominate as the best straight acting performance that I have seen in the last year that of Jean Muir in something called 'Desirable.' No other single performance that I have observed equals it.

"In the third place, I should make note that, when it comes to substantial dramatic equipment in general, there is perhaps no young woman on the screen so competent as Sylvia Sidney. But it seems to be Miss Sidney's fate to be placed, in the majority of instances, in pictures that afford her no opportunity to demonstrate her talents."

HERE is a forthright appraisal, and I trust Mr. Nathan's celluloid harem will be duly appreciative. Others, including myself, will be apprehensive. Let us take each of the Nathan girls in our stride. What truck, to begin, can Mr. Nathan have with Loretta Young? I think she is his most amazing choice. Mind you, I am not quarreling with Miss Young's ability, the ability Mr. Nathan rewards her with possessing. I, too, admire her love scenes. Oh, how I admire them.

But what does Miss Young represent? In my opinion, something that Mr. Nathan instinctively rebels at—a good girl. She is the queen exponent of adolescence. She is always the girl playing at being a grown-up lady. In black velvet she is stunning. But you always feel as though she has been rummaging in mother's attic trunk, and dressing up. This is no flaw in Loretta's screen technique. On the contrary, it is an asset, a decided box-office asset. For she convinces adults that she is your own little girl, and you don't want to see her "done wrong" by the city slicker who is on the make. This is a curious expression of Loretta's career, for she is an old-timer in the films and it should long have given way in the light of her experience.

There is a yarn—probably a press-agent phony—that she was hired by Mervyn LeRoy because her voice was so appealing over the telephone. As the story goes, he called up one day to ask why her sister, Sally Blane, (also a film player) was not on the lot. Loretta answered and informed Mr. LeRoy that Sally had a bad cold. In substance he told her he liked her voice and, informed that she resembled her sister, asked her to report. She did, and the rest of it is already known to you.



Kenneth Alexander

Loretta Young for her ability to play love-scenes . . .

What matters is that it could have happened. Insouciance, naïvete, are the characteristics of Miss Young. She could well have answered the telephone as she is supposed to have answered it. She is the epitome of innocence. And I, for one, cannot fancy a sophisticate like G. J. N., who is never without the aloe in his pocket, tolerant of any such pristine, fundamental quality. For Mr. Nathan has ever followed the precept of Meredith that a strong sin is better than a weak virtue.

Another thing, (which should be anathema to Mr. Nathan), Miss Young has had virtually no stage training. She went to the screen practically cold. And with a frightful start since she supported Lon Chaney, as her first bow, in "Laugh Clown, Laugh." This was pretty tough living down, especially when, as the girl foil of Edward G. Robinson in "The Hatchet Man," she was dubbed the "female Lon Chaney."

In this film her make-up required her to assume the character of a Chinese maiden. And if you don't think this was a tough job try pasting fish-skin over the corners of your eyes, fasten it with collodion to make your eyes slant and then catch the free ends of the fish-skin with adhesive tape. You'll be something besides a Toya San after one



Eugene Robert Richee

Sylvia Sidney for substantial dramatic equipment in general . . .



Elmer Fryer

Jean Muir for the best straight acting performance . . .

hour. Loretta lived it down, despite such latter vehicles as "Employes Entrance" in which she suffered the lot of all stars—trying to salvage miles of celluloid tripe with a good performance.

Happily, she got her chance in "Life Begins," and again in the recent "The White Parade." This is the nurse-hospital yarn in which Loretta was permitted to display the full extent of her talents which is first sincerity, and secondly, as Mr. Nathan well says, the art of "listening" while "looking."

It would be nice to record a similar advance in the career of Sylvia Sidney. "Behold, My Wife" gave her little opportunty. (I find myself, however unwittingly, justifying Mr. Nathan.) Paramount, I regret to record, exercises no more judgment, despite the once benign interest of Mr. B. P. Schulberg, with Miss Sidney than they did with Tallulah Bankhead whose fine flair for high comedy they muffed repeatedly.

Just so with Miss Sidney, her dramatic talents, save for her beautiful performance in United Artists' "Street Scene," are continually wasted. She has a fine sense of dramatic pathos. She is always, and I speak now of her portrayals, the girl who is forever being done wrong by. And she plays these roles with such fortitude that one weeps at her strength—and the futility of it all.

This strength of Miss Sidney's doubtless is what appeals to Mr. Nathan. His own life is based on a similar assurance, an identical poise. Miss Sidney, however miscast, is never wrong in her roles. Neither is Nathan in his. He is as sure of his pose, a sureness based on experience, as she. He is the only man of our town and time who has justified a pose. Indeed, he lives by provocative epigrams:

"To help a man (or woman) with talent you've got to kick down him who hasn't got it . . . Reinhardt is fading out in Europe (this was before he was forced out by Hitler). .He is no longer the great director who sees through the playwright's manuscript, but indulges himself in excessive scenic mountings—a money spender." (He told me all this a few years ago, and how correct it is today! Have you West Coasters seen his "Midsummer Night's Dream" extravaganza?)

Well, Sylvia is like that—like Nathan, I mean —the calm exterior, but seething within. The Nathan-Sidney academic affiliation is easy to understand. Far easier than his admiration of Jean Muir, that juvenile madonna with a face not just too sweet.

Jean has the most regular features of any girl in Hollywood—the dream of camera men who have said that hers is "the most perfect photographic face." They also add that "a blind man could snap her and she'd still photograph swell." This is probably publicity bunk for I have seen her mugged by the news-camera men at the Deauville Beach Club, and, dare I write it?, she was no bargain.

I rather believe that what Mr. Nathan essentially admires in Miss Muir is her forthrightness. She is as courageous as Katharine Hepburn. Like Katie the firebrand, Miss Muir's "No" means No. She has no illusions about Hollywood or screen art generally.

Only in Hollywood little more than a year, she said recently—"the trouble with Hollywood is that there are too many persons here who think the entire world revolves around them." An undiplomatic statement, possibly, but Miss Muir has the honesty always to call a spade a shovel.

She once told a friend of mine that she expected to stay only six months in the cinema; thought the studio executives crazy to bring her out there, and crazier to keep her. Maybe this is a pose, but I don't think so. She has too much innate assurance.

As do her Nathanian sisters, Miss Young and Miss Sidney, she suffers, too, by miscasting and poor stories. It was a frightful thing to make her bear the brunt of cen- (*Please turn to page* 53)





ELIZABETH ALLAN
as David Copperfield's Mother



HUGH WILLIAMS
as J. Steerforth



HUGH WALPOLE
as the Vicar of Blunderstone



ELSA LANCASTER
as Clickett the "Orfling" Slavey of the Micawber Family



ROLAND YOUNG
as Uriah Heep



JEAN CADELL
as Mrs Micawber



VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
as Miss Jane Murdstone

In all the customs and costumes of a by-gone age, like the portraits in the old family album, the characte



LIONEL BARRYMORE
as Dan Peggotty



EDNA MAY OLIVER
as Aunt Betsy Trotwood



W. C. FIELDS
as Micawber



JESSIE RALPH
as Clara Peggotty



UNA O' CONNOR
as Mrs Gummidge



FRANK LAWTON
as David Copperfield as a young man



MAUREEN O' SULLIVAN
as Dora Spenlow



HERBERT MUNDIN
as Barkis



BASIL RATHBONE
as Edward Murdstone



LENNOX PAWLE
as Mr Dick

n "David Copperfield" will be presented to you soon. The immortal Dickens classic is being made by M-G-M

That GAY GIRL GINGER

Elsie Janis catches the breath-taking Ginger Rogers on a flying trip to New York and writes an equally breathless interview for you



John Miehle

By

ELSIE JANIS



Wide World

At the New Movie luncheon, along with Ginger, were the Duncan Sisters, Eddie Cantor, and Harry Hirshfield, the cartoonist. Below: Ginger with Elsie Janis.



Leila Rogers, Ginger's mother, had her dancing in vaudeville long before she ever grew up into the glorious, sparkling dancing-partner of Fred Astaire, in "The Gay Divorcée."



Wide World



Metropolit

GINGER has everything. Everything, including a "swell" mama! By the time you read this both of the Rogers girls, who suggest a successful sister act more than a mother and daughter, will be back in Hollywood. New York's loss and mine. They were new friends who seemed like old ones. I'm rapidly falling for the "go East now and then for excitement" theory to which so many of the screen stars cling consistently.

No sooner had I arrived in the Metropolis than a streak of bright sunshine, done up in a suit of chic cinnamon brown, swept across my path. I rubbed my eyes and said to a young fellow who knows most everything, "Who's that?" The young fellow's eyes, which are famously round and permanently popped, outdid themselves as he learned that I could live in Hollywood and not know Ginger Rogers. Biting the dust of embarrassment, I explained that one can be too close to beauty to recognize it. I really didn't have to explain to him. This knight of the round lamps was Eddie Cantor and he knows his Hollywood.

He and I were sort of guest of honoring it side by side at a luncheon given by the A. M. P. A. (Association of Motion Picture Advertisers.) Ginger was snatched off a train and whisked into the party as a delightful *piece de resistance.* In a speech for which she was "quite unprepared" she gave me the impression of a gal who was born prepared for most anything. When I met her mother I knew why Ginger balances a cool "bean" under that crop of carrot-colored curls.

The luncheon was given in honor of the Publisher of Tower Magazines, of which NEW MOVIE is one, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of their founding. The guests included many famous actors and actresses of the screen and stage and many of the finest performers on the air, as well as leaders in business and social circles. As the festivities drew to a close, I saw the Tower clan forming a group. With a light of enthusiasm gleaming in my Ginger-stalking eyes, I dashed up to them.

"What about getting a story on her now?" I nodded in the direction of the vivacious Ginger, who was surrounded by admirers.

"Swell!" said the editor, being himself.

"Splendid!" said the lady boss,

Ginger hopped the train to Hollywood about five minutes after this interview.

adding a touch of refinement to the conversation.

"I'll get her now!" said Janis the intrepid.

Before I could make my speech which was rapidly prepared while crossing the room, Ginger held out her hand saying, "Miss Janis, I am so happy to meet you. I've always admired you and I love your articles in NEW MOVIE." Well, now I ask you! Even if I hadn't already thought she was grand and been all set to tell her how I had been watching her ever since she sauntered into the picture "Forty-Second Street," how I had been thrilled by her performance in "Gay Divorcée" and a lot of other things, I would have had to be old lady Gibraltar herself not to waver under that barrage of flattery which, delivered in the frank, unaffected Rogers manner, sounded extremely sincere.

"I want to do one about you!" I said on recovering my equilibrium, "but if you are only going to be here five days you will probably be too busy."

"I won't be too busy," said Ginger. "Say when you want to see me and I'll put off something else."

The Press surrounding us stirred a little impatiently.

"Tuesday lunch?" I gasped.

"Absolutely. Where?"

A camera man edged in. "May we get a picture, Miss Rogers?"

"Sure. Just a minute. Where?" Ginger repeated.

"Algonquin. One o'clock." I said, and was carried away on a tide of Rogers rooters.

Tuesday morning, I came in from the country early. I wasn't taking any chances. At the Algonquin my phone rang and a secretarial voice said, "I'm speaking for Miss Rogers. Miss Ginger Rogers," she added.

If she breaks this date I'll never believe in Santa Claus or Roosevelt again, I thought. "Yes! What is it?" I said somewhat frigidly.

"Miss Rogers wants to know if you would mind lunching with her in her apartment. She was up very late and——"

"Certainly not. I'd love it!" I cut in. "Where?"

"Waldorf Towers."

"O. K." What is it about those Towers that lures the cinema stars? They make me dizzy, yet every time I want to see a pal from Hollywood I have to be shot up practically to heaven and nobody's handing out wings.

Ginger was fairly conservative. She was only on the twenty-seventh floor. She opened the door herself. A very different Ginger from the brown and gold stream of sunshine that blinded the A. M. P. A'ers. Still sunshine, but of a more placid and pale variety. The carrot curls are slicked back from the extremely white brow. They nestle resignedly in the nape of a slender and equally white neck. She looks much (*Please turn to page* 54)





Wide World

Real names: On the marriage license Ginger signed "Virginia Katherine McMath," and Lew signed, "Lewis Frederick Ayer."



Wide World



Wide World

Left: Ginger and Lew cut their wedding cake. Above: Mary Brian, Ginger's mother, and Janet Gaynor. Mary and Janet were bridesmaids.

RALPH BELLAMY tells on FREDRIC MARCH



Sometimes your best friend *does* tell, and Ralph says Fredric March is an incurable clown

By RALPH BELLAMY

Editor's Note: Few persons could be so well qualified to present an intimate picture of Fredric March as Ralph Bellamy. The two families are Hollywood's most popular social foursomes, and their close association enables Ralph Bellamy to reveal the unknown Freddie March whom we should all like to know.

SERIOUS as he appears on the screen, the Freddie March I know is a born comedian. Sometimes I suspect he is possessed of an imp, for the way he gets into mischief is little short of diabolical.

But try to put your finger on his humor, and it eludes you. He makes fun on the spur of the moment, and will seize upon an opportunity to pun, with the most excruciating results. At certain times he will go on a veritable punning spree that is positively fiendish if not devastating.

The practical joke is not for Freddie. That style of humor is premeditated, and Freddie March never bothers to arrange a laugh. His penchant for fun-making crops out as soon as he gets off the set. When the director sees a wicked gleam coming into Freddie's snapping eyes, he may as well sit back and wait until March gets the mirth out of his system, for his is the kind of puckish, whimsical humor that will bubble over when you least expect it.

One night the four of us—my wife Catherine, Florence Eldridge, Freddie and myself—decided to attend a Shakespeare play. Freddie and I had both trod the boards in the Bard's dramas, and we hankered to hear the sonorous lines again.

Unfortunately the performance was so poor as to send us all into utter boredom. And that is one thing that Freddie can't endure. He and I began to fidget and squirm, and finally began a low but heated argument over nothing at all.

Two very fat female devotees of the theater kept turning around and glaring balefully at us, but Freddie was in no mood for behaving himself when Shakespeare was being done to death behind the footlights.

This went on for some time, with the ladies in front shushing and glaring back alternately. Finally, during an important hush on the stage, the fat lady in front of Freddie sneezed.

Freddie leaned forward, outraged and dignified, and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Quiet, please!" he said in a tone of great annoyance.

The irrepressible Freddie used to be a



Kenneth Alexander

Left: Fredric March in his costume for "We Live Again," in which, as the young Russian nobleman, he lets himself be exiled to Siberia for love of Anna Sten, who reformed him.

• •

Right: Fredric with his wife, who is known on the stage as Florence Eldridge.



Cosmo. Sileo

perfect pest at bridge parties. He would drive us frantic with *sotto voce kibitzing,* and look hurt if we protested. In pure self-defense we determined that he would either have to learn to play or be locked up in the cellar.

Catherine, Florence and I cornered him one day down at their Laguna Beach home, and crowded all "ten easy lessons on bridge" down his throat at one sitting. It was our only hope of bringing peace to our innocent little diversion.

But we all had to listen first to Freddie's protest that bridge was the cause of quarrels, bickerings, divorces and (hoarse whisper) even murder! We must swear a solemn oath never to say a cross word across the bridge table.

We sat down to our first game, dealt the cards, and played out the hand. As the last trick was taken in, Freddie levelled his finger at Florence and excoriated her with: "Why did you make such a terrible lead? You could have set them by leading back my heart! And if you must play bridge, play it well or don't play at all!"

For a few horrified minutes none of us realized that it was another of Freddie's ribbings.

Actually, I have yet to overhear a cross word between the Marches. They are completely devoted, enjoy each other's company thoroughly, and truly know the secret of enjoying a happy marriage. Possibly this is due in a measure to the fact that both have such a grand sense of humor.

Freddie March is generous to the point of making it his only vice. His tender heart marks him out as a softie for the cagers and petty grafters one encounters in picture business.

There is one actor here, for example, whom Freddie has supported for years. Freddie doesn't think any one knows it, but I have observed Freddie going to great lengths to get this old fellow a day's work in pictures, so that the actor can preserve his illusion that he still is capable of earning a living. At regular intervals Freddie delivers a check to him—often the old boy collects it in person for the pleasure of a chat with his benefactor.

He is extremely generous in his gifts to Florence, yet so exceedingly sensitive is he that he will studiously avoid any opportunity for her to thank him before others. I remember one Christmas when, after she had unwrapped so many gifts that it would seem Freddie had exhausted all his resources, he assumed an air of nonchalance and drew out a crumpled wad of paper from his pocket.

"Oh, yes, here's something I forgot," he murmured, and tossed her the packet.

It was a gorgeous dinner ring, but when Florence turned to thank him, he had slipped away.

He takes his screen work very seriously. It is exceedingly important to him and to his wife also, for Florence—herself a noted actress—gives his career precedence.

The fact that his roles usually call for sober and intent characterizations is sufficient reason for the public to obtain a different picture of the March on the screen and the Freddie of private life. Even so, one can detect that undercurrent of mischievous humor that makes his pictures so unforgettable.

He has a fine dignity of bearing, and is practical and level-headed in his affairs, but that irrepressible humor will come popping and bounding forth at the most unexpected moments.

I have seen celebrities gather about him as if they were magnetized. His keen wit and his attractive personality naturally draw people to him.

But let there be one of those pompous, conceited, puffed-up fellows enter the group, and beware!

Freddie has few antipathies, and the egomaniac is probably all of them.

He deals with them in his own devastatingly ingenious manner, leading the fellow on to boastful heights, masking his intent with a very serious face while the rest of us struggle to hide our growing amusement. Then, with one bold thrust, Freddie will completely deflate the egotist. He does it so cleverly that the fellow may not even be aware of what has happened to him. As a pin pricker of pomposities, Freddie knows no master.

He has a tremendous supply of nervous energy and is constantly on the go. During a bridge game I have observed him trying to sit still, and failing, he will get up and empty ash trays or stride off after cigarettes, even while playing a hand.

This nervous restlessness makes it impossible for him to sit back and let a chauffeur drive the car. He must always take the wheel himself. He does everything well, and is a fine driver, but the way he goes around corners and scoots through traffic will make your hair rise.

When we are going out together, Catherine and Florence will often take the back seat where they can talk. But after a few blocks most of the remarks are directed at Freddie's breath-taking style of motoring. If we are late for a social engagement, Freddie considers this sufficient excuse to show us all what real (*Please turn to page* 47)



Wm. Phillips

It seems Ralph does a little clowning, too. He and Freddie put on this horrible imitation of Clark and McCullough at a Hollywood costume party.





At the left, Ralph, and at the right, Ralph and Freddie playing badminton. Freddie, you'll notice, still flaunts his "Wimpole Street" whiskers.

The Most Uninteresting MAN in Hollywood

About the most dramatic moment in Harold Lloyd's life comes when he mends the lawn-mower. But don't let our title fool you, please!

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

HAROLD LLOYD, from a strictly editorial standpoint, is the most uninteresting man in Hollywood.

Nothing ever happens to him . . . he never becomes involved in scandal, or even rumor . . . effect and the spectacular hold no place in his mind or actions . . . his life progresses at such an even tenor that it resembles nothing so much as that of the average young business man.

Yet, he is one of Hollywood's wealthiest citizens . . . his popularity is surpassed by no man or woman in the world of entertainment. Nowhere in the whole film colony will you find a more affable or charming gentleman to meet or pass the time of day . . . and to newspaperman and star, studio worker and man in the street, he is "one regular guy."

Garbo, though silent, if she were to talk; Colman, long considered the hardest man to interview in the motion picture capital; Barthelmess, who gets jittery every time he sees a writer, even from afar—all these provide founts of color and inspiration, compared to this young man whose rise from obscurity to the loftiest pinnacle of cinema success was dependent upon two elements alone, Ability and Hard Work.

Starting out as an extra—he forced his way into a studio many years ago by donning grease-paint and joining a crowd of actors as they walked through the gates—Lloyd met another young chap who also was destined for great things in the picture world. This lad's name was Hal Roach, and together the two rose to fame and great fortune.

Harold always had wanted to be an actor. Indeed, his parents had moved to California from Nebraska for the express purpose of indulging their young son's ambition. But his wish was no mere whim . . . he had acquired training in summer stock companies as a boy, a great dramatic coach (a friend of the family) had drilled him for years in the art of acting and expression. So it was with considerable knowledge of what he wanted that Harold tried his luck at the studios.

When he met Roach, the future producer was eking out a precarious existence as an extra, along with Harold. Ambitious, with an eye to the future, Roach inherited a small fortune and decided to make pictures himself. He offered Lloyd a job at forty dollars a week. Needless to say, Harold accepted, for that sum seemed like a mint to him.

From their chance meeting on a set, Lloyd and Roach rapidly developed in the short-subject production field. The former began his comedy career with a nondescript character he called Willie Work. From that, he progressed into the Lonesome Luke character, and years as this be-mustached, tight-trousered figure advanced him to the top of the heap in slapstick. Then Lloyd initiated the wearing of horn-rimmed glasses in his comedies. His first four pictures proved his judgment correct.

From one-reelers, he went into two-reel comedies, and then three's. Of these, "Never Weaken" will be best remembered. Finally, he made his first feature, "A Sailor Made Man." His daring and good judgment were further vindicated when he filmed "Grandma's Boy." Even Hal Roach predicted failure for him in attempting anything so ambitious as to portray a story on the (*Please turn to page* 52)



Gene Kornman

Mildred Lloyd and the two girls are just above. At the right, over the picture of their daddy in "The Cat's Paw," are all three of the children, Peggy, Harold Jr., and Gloria, in the grand playhouse Harold built for them.

Below: If you saw "La Cucaracha,"—did you know it was a se
Right: Robert Edmond Jones, the Christopher Columbus of this





Ernest A. Bachrach



It is from sketches like this (above) that Jones and the scientists and artists who help him, work. Each scene of the film is first plotted in color.

Last month we told you about grand opera on the screen. This month we take you behind the scenes with a revolutionary new color process

By GERALD BREITIGAM

COLOR MAGIC ON THE SCREEN

THE beauty of color has come to the screen at last. It well may be, in fact, that this will revolutionize the making of movies, will work as great a change as did the coming of sound.

Already, in fact, the revolution is under way, for following the enthusiastic public reception of "La Cucaracha," a number of full-length features ("Cucaracha" is a short) have been planned or definitely scheduled.

Foremost among these is "Becky Sharp," from Thackeray's famous novel, "Vanity Fair," which will be made by the producers of "La Cucaracha." In addition, Merian Cooper is planning to do "The Last Days of Pompeii" in color for RKO; Walter Wanger proposes to present Ann Harding in color in "Peacock's Feather," for color is especially favorable to blondes; Warner Bros. may give us "The Miracle" in color. Besides all of which, Walt Disney has the new three-color process sewed up for animated cartoons for one year, and all the Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies are now appearing in color.

It will take time, of course, for color to tint the screen of every movie theater. Just the same, whether the movie-goer lives on the borders of the Rio Grande or in the granite mountains of New Hampshire, on the prairies of Kansas or in the fat brick towns of the Eastern Shore, before he is many months older he'll be going to his neighborhood movie and seeing a film done in all the glowing colors of life.

But, the inveterate movie-goer will protest, color is nothing new on the screen. In fact, he recalls that as far back as 1915 there were movies in color. Moreover, he remembers that the color application was never really satisfactory, for outlines were blurred and a general effect of fuzziness was apparent.

To all of which one can enter no objection. There were some good early color pictures, but then came a "color cycle." The work was done hastily and it was botched, with the result that color in the movies took a terrible licking. The real fault, though, say the Technicolor experts, was that up until today they had only a two-color process whereas now they have a three-color process. They could only make chromes; they could not really simulate nature, let alone improve upon it.

With this process however, Technicolor now can produce every color in the spectrum—and register it firmly, without any blurring or fuzziness. The Disney cartoons and the feature-short, "La Cucaracha," have established that fact beyond dispute.

"We have something for you movie-goers," says Technicolor triumphantly, "something that will give you a richness and a satisfaction from your screen entertainment such as you never received before."

The Technicolor people, incidentally, ought to know, for the story of color on the screen is the story of Technicolor. This company, established by graduates from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, takes its name from their alma mater. Technicolor holds all the patents. There is nobody else in the field.

Technicolor builds its own cameras for the new three-component process of taking movies in color. Some people used to believe that a picture was filmed in black and white and color then applied by hand to the negative; that the negative was painted by an artist, in short. (*Please turn to page* 56)





Steffi Duna and Don Alvarado took part in the first experiments, and John Barrymore helped.



Jean Harlow



Claudette Colbert



Mae West



Margaret Sullavan

NEW MOVIE FORECAST FOR 1935

With the New Year the spotlight picks out here an old face, there a new one, and then—moves on! Which will you make your prime favorites this year? Here is Ramon Romero's annual guide to keep and check against during the months that follow

THE year nineteen hundred and thirty-five is definitely marked to see more important and significant changes in the motion picture industry than in any other previous year since the advent of talking pictures. In the near-decade just ending, during which time the screen passed from silence to sound, and from written titles to spoken dialogue, a new constellation of stars has practically replaced the older order, together with new directors and outside writing talent from every branch of literature.

The infusion of new blood into the staid and tried ideas of Hollywood brought into the production of motion pictures a super-sophistication which found its birth in everything from the gutters of Paris to Mae West's playhouse emporium in the Roaring Forties of New York, and through the years gained impetus in a certain public demand to its inhibitions expressed in terms of cinema. Encouraged by box-office receipts, and blinded by bad taste, the producers lost all perspective of the difference between entertainment and sensationalism, resulting in the censorship upheaval of 1934.

The result of this puritanical tumult will make itself felt in every branch of photoplay production during the coming year. Automatically a new moral code has been created, and by its standards old stars will fall and new ones rise; stories and plays bought for fabulous figures will either be discarded or completely rewritten; motion picture advertisements will take on a new dignity, the same being true of everything pertaining to the fifth industry and the personalities it involves.

HOLLYWOOD has definitely recognized censorship. Instead of putting up a battle against the churches and other religious organizations in the "Decency Drive" campaign, the producers have accepted the ultimatum at a loss of millions of dollars in prepared scripts; having abolished gangster themes, horror pictures, underwear parades and all risqué sex angles from their 1935 schedules. The tail-end of 1934 found such naïve fare as "Girl of the Limberlost," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Anne of Green Gables" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," competing for box-office records with Mae West's "Belle of the Nineties," (which was refilmed three times in the grand clean-up), and the denatured Jean Harlow films.



Ramon Romero, the Author

The chief danger of this self-accepted censorship lies in going to the other extreme by flooding the market with a series of "Pollyanna productions." Such homespun relics of a Victorian past as "The Little Minister," "Way Down East" and "Little Men" are about to descend like an avalanche of angels upon a sex-saturated movie audience.

Eventually censorship may mean the salvation of the movies, bringing about a progressive regeneration of Hollywood ideals; resulting in the creation of a great literature of the screen that will place it in one of the highest places

1934

TEN MOST POPULAR MEN STARS, IN ORDER

1. Clark Gable. 2. Will Rogers. 3. Wallace Beery. 4. Bing Crosby. 5. George Arliss. 6. Dick Powell. 7. Eddie Cantor. 8. Joe E. Brown. 9. James Cagney. 10. Fredric March. (See photographs below.)

TEN MOST POPULAR WOMEN STARS, IN ORDER

1. Mae West. 2. Joan Crawford. 3. Norma Shearer. 4. Kay Francis. 5. Janet Gaynor. 6. Jean Harlow. 7. Claudette Colbert. 8. Shirley Temple. 9. Ann Harding. 10. Margaret Sullavan. (See photographs at top of page.)

ALL THE BIG HITS OF 1934 WERE CLEAN

1. It Happened One Night
2. The Thin Man
3. One Night of Love
4. David Harum
5. House of Rothschild
6. Footlight Parade
7. Little Women
8. Little Miss Marker
9. Twenty Million Sweethearts
10. Roman Scandals

Fredric March



Bing Crosby



Dick Powell



Wallace Beery



Eddie Cantor





Norma Shearer





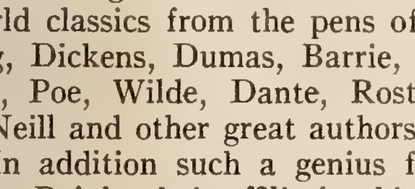
Ann Harding



Joan Crawford



Kay Francis



Will Jimmy Savo, above, step into Chaplin's place?



Or will Charlie Chaplin stay forever the one and only?

Little Shirley Temple won a place for herself among the ten most popular women, above, so we gave her a great *big* place. And gladly!

among all the arts. Already there is a reflection of this prophecy in the studio announcements of a forthcoming series of films based upon the great world classics from the pens of Shakespeare, Kipling, Dickens, Dumas, Barrie, Thackeray, Stevenson, Poe, Wilde, Dante, Rostand, H. G. Wells, O'Neill and other great authors.

In addition such a genius from the theater as Max Reinhardt is affiliating himself with the newer medium of expression.

HOLLYWOOD is moving in the right direction, toward better and finer achievements. The cheap ballyhoo is disappearing. Even the flashy premieres seem a thing of the past. The new dignity is reflected in the new type of star, and in the choice of stories. It is safe to predict that the "Renaissance" of the movies will begin in 1935.

Does the public welcome this change? Will they continue to patronize the movies in its new dress of culture and refinement? Will the mob clamor for a Mae West invitation to come up some time, for a Jean Harlow undraping, or a glorification of a nice gal like Ann Harding having an illegitimate child to nice, weepy music?

Of the dozen smash hits of 1934, financially speaking, ten were technically clean pictures, featuring domestic life, children, music and comedy devoid of salacious gags. The public has chosen—and the producers will oblige. 1934 produced three outstanding stars; Margaret Sullavan, little Shirley Temple, and the songbird, Grace Moore. Compare these with the previous year's sensational rise of Mae West and Katharine Hepburn! In this comparison is your best barometer of the changing times.

Three months prior to the writing of this forecast for NEW MOVIE I made a tour of the country. I have been in the largest cities and in the smallest hamlets; have talked to cosmopolitan matrons and to Main Street housewives; to city sophisticates and to small town everyday people who make up the vast mass of moviegoers. On a large ocean liner, plying between New York and New Orleans, I questioned two hundred and fifty people one night, people from every walk of life and from practically every state in the Union, asking them what kind of pictures they wanted to see, and the type of stars they approve. As a whole they were pretty well fed up with the sex drivel Hollywood has been feeding them. Their intelligence and tastes have been underestimated.

THE predictions I am about to make for the stars and production policies of 1935 are based upon practical knowledge. There is to be no attempt at fortune-telling or wild guessing. Rather, by a process of calculation, and a thorough check-up of each studio's plans, as well as a compiled estimation of the attitude of the movie fans themselves I have been able to crystallize a conclusion that will be as nearly accurate as it is possible to be in a business whose very life's blood is constant change.

STAR-STOCK MARKET FOR 1935

The rise and fall of stars in Hollywood is very much like the rise and fall of stocks in Wall Street. Sky-high today. Rock-bottom tomorrow. The Bulls and Bears of movieland buy and sell with the same ruthless madness of brokers in the wheat pit. One career goes down as another goes up, in the crazy see-saw of picture making. Each star, each featured player, even the unknown novice, is an individual stock.

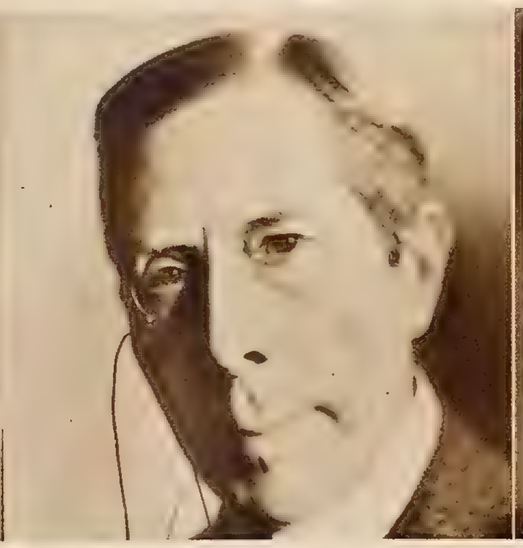
The big name stars and featured players are a producer's preferred stock. They are the Mae Wests, the Katharine Hepburns, the Clark Gables who pay large dividends to the companies who have gambled on their talents. Each major studio also holds under contract large shares of common stock, in the parlance of Hollywood the stock company players, who comprise everything from well-known character actors from Broadway to a Brown Derby waitress who happens to have potential starring possibilities.

The stockboards of Hollywood tell tragic and glorious tales as the Preferred and Common stocks fluctuate up and down, from month to month, and year to year. Every twelfth month a whole group of famous names disappear into oblivion as obsolete stocks, while dark horses appear to take their places. Common stocks change magically into Preferred. A few bad pictures, a silly rumor, a scandal, can send a star-stock tumbling down to zero; causing the producer to sell short. On the other hand a good break, a few excellent notices, well-planned publicity, can shoot an unknown stock up to the heights overnight, with every producer clamoring for it. We refer you to the cases of

Will Rogers



George Arliss



James Cagney



Clark Gable



Joe E. Brown





Ricardo Cortez

nging his style?



Edward G. Robinson

Another dual role?



Peter Lorre

A foreign technique.



George Raft

To stay Oriental?



Jack La Rue

Seeking new roles!

Margaret Sullavan, Shirley Temple, Jean Muir, and Jean Parker.

Sometimes a well-known star-stock whose value is stagnant because of bad publicity, unsuitable parts or other obvious reasons, suddenly begins to rise—and the word comes shooting across the continent from public, exhibitor and sales force; BUY! BUY! BUY! Such were the fates of Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy and William Powell in 1934. Here were three veteran players whose stock was about to be thrown into the open market for all takers, if there happened to be any. "It Happened One Night" and "The Thin Man" sent their stocks to the top. The New Year finds them in the very preferred list.

But 1934 did not deal so kindly with Ruth Chatterton, Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow; top-notch performers whose star-stock value has dropped to a new low, due largely to bad pictures. As we go to press all of them, contract stars for years, are without permanent contracts.

Panics occur in the star-stock market of Hollywood just as they do in the financial canyons of Manhattan. The talkie panic of 1928 brought havoc to such sterling names as John Gilbert, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, who were among the greatest box-office attractions of the day; mercilessly eliminating their names from the Hollywood stock board. Replacing them were the new movie names—Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, Barbara Stanwyck, Marlene Dietrich, Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard, Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable and the late, beloved Marie Dressler, the greatest box-office star of 1933; who, alas, is eliminated from the star quotations in 1935 by death.

1934 brought another such panic to the Cinema Capital. The Censorship Panic! Again careers were threatened. Again havoc stalked through mansions in Beverly Hills. Again producers were selling star-stocks short! The dawn of 1935 finds a certain group of box-office sensations with their heads under the guillotine; their fates hanging on the dangerous precipice of extinction. Oh, uneasy lies the head that wears the crown—of sex!

Note, too, that almost every major lot has a second Janet Gaynor on the star list for 1935. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have Jean Parker, Warner Brothers are plugging the sweet-faced Anita Louise, as well as Jean Muir. Columbia have signed Marion Marsh to a long-term contract following her triumph in "Girl of the Limberlost." Radio pictures have great faith in Anne Shirley, who takes a big leap into prominence in the title role of "Anne of Green Gables." At Paramount Helen Mack may be groomed along the same lines. Mary Pickford, the prototype of all these 1935 Pollyannas, has been a sensation in her national radio broadcasts, paving the way perhaps, for a comeback.

In the early days of the movies Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh ruled supreme as the "Halo-heroines," competing at the box office with such earlier Garbos and Mae Wests as Theda Bara, Louise Glaum and Valeska Suratt and outliving them in popularity by a wide margin of years. If history repeats itself, as it usually does, the Janet Gaynors, the Margaret Sullavans and the Jean Parkers of today will live on in popularity long after Mae West, Constance Bennett and Jean Harlow have ceased to be movie stars.

Looking one year into the future, across the bridge of time, let us examine an imaginary Hollywood stockboard at the end of 1935, and see how censorship will have affected the positions of the stars and featured players. In order to simplify matters we will divide Hollywood into four classes of stocks; Gold-Bond stars, Preferred

Can any of these take Jackie Cooper's or Shirley Temple's place?



Baby LeRoy *Juanita Quigley* *David Holt*



Billy Lee *Cora Sue Collins* *Virginia Weidler*



Three new teams popped up in 1934—Myrna Loy and William Powell, Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle, and Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable. Will any of them win a place in the fans' hearts to rival that of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell?



1935 FILMS WILL GO BACK TO THE FARM. COMING:

Way Down East, with Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres
Babbitt, with Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon
Main Street
Ruggles of Red Gap, with Charles Laughton
The Old Homestead
Ah, Wilderness!
Tish, with Edna May Oliver or Pauline Lord
Broken Soil, with Anna Sten and Gary Cooper
The Story of a Country Boy
The County Chairman, with Will Rogers

COSTUME AND BIOGRAPHICAL PICTURES COMING

The Iron Duke, with George Arliss
Anthony Adverse. Probably Leslie Howard
Sutter's Gold, with Henry Hull
The Crusades, with Henry Wilcoxon
The Good Earth, perhaps with Richard Barthelmess
Three Musketeers, with Francis Lederer
Beau Brummel, with Leslie Howard
Clive of India, with Ronald Colman
Caprice Espagnole, with Marlene Dietrich
Richelieu, with George Arliss
So Red the Rose, with Pauline Lord
Old Kentucky, with Janet Gaynor

Players, New Faces and Common-stock Dark horses. Take a gamble on your favorites. Allow NEW MOVIE the honor of acting as your broker. The Hollywood stock exchange is open for business. Watch your tape closely. Here are some HOT TIPS!

GOLD-BOND STARS

NORMA SHEARER! Might easily become the First Lady of the Screen. Safely away from sex roles, she was even more of a sensation in "Barretts of Wimpole Street" than she was in "Smilin' Through." She rates a hundred points.

MAE WEST! Should, and will retain top rating if allowed freedom in her work. Her answer to the censors is "Now, I'm a Lady," her first picture for 1935.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE! Her stock rises point after point. Will be close to the top, rivaling Janet Gaynor's popularity on her home lot. A grand little trouper who will grow up all too soon. This is her big year.

JANET GAYNOR! Her popularity remains undiminished and unquestioned. Hardly the rage in the key cities, she is still the favorite of provincial America.

GARBO! "The Painted Veil" may do much to retrieve some of her depreciated value, due to the unpopularity of "Queen Christina." Censorship affects her little if any.

MARGARET SULLAVAN! A girl who is going places. A star overnight. She has an amazingly large following. Her first picture for the new year is Molnar's "The Good Fairy." There is talk that she may switch to M-G-M.

GRACE MOORE! One can't say too much about her possibilities. She looks like a dream, sings like a nightingale, and acts with distinction. Too, she has given music a new meaning on the screen. Put your money on her by all means—she's a winner!

KATHARINE HEPBURN, ANN HARDING, HELEN HAYES! Will greatly benefit in 1935 by the change in their type of stories, as well as from a purely "censorial" viewpoint.

Miss Hepburn is easily in the lead with "Little Women" and "The Little Minister" to her credit.

Ann Harding will avoid vehicles that glorify unwed mothers, concentrating more on plays like "Holiday." Her latest opus is "Enchanted April."

Helen Hayes will be a truant from Hollywood for almost a year. In the interval she has lost much ground, but she will rapidly recover this.

NEW FACES OF 1934

Gloria Stuart
Pert Kelton
Lanny Ross
Frances Drake
Claire Trevor
Grace Bradley
Ida Lupino
Buster Crabbe
Johnny Weissmuller
John Lodge
Steffi Duna
Tala Birell
Judith Allen
Bruce Cabot
Adrienne Ames

NEW FACES OF 1935
(Will They Be Stars?)

Margo
Henry Hull
Anne Shirley
Joe Morrison
Peter Lorre
Mady Christians
Elizabeth Bergner
Josephine Hutchinson
Merle Oberon
Nelson Eddy
John Beal
Rosamond Pinchot
Ruth Gordon
Queenie Smith
Constance Collier

MUSICALS TO COME

Show Boat, with Irene Dunne
Go Into Your Dance, with Al Jolson
Naughty Marietta, with Jeanette MacDonald
Sweet Adeline, with Irene Dunne
Mississippi, with Bing Crosby
All the King's Horses, with Elissa Landi
Glorianna, with Ann Sothern
Gold Diggers of 1935
Maytime
Sweet Music, with Rudy Vallee
Folies Bergere, with Maurice Chevalier
Rhumba, with George Raft
Roberta, with Ginger Rogers
A Night at the Opera, with the Marx Bros.
The Night Is Young, with Ramon Novarro
Rose of the Rancho, with Mary Ellis

ADVENTURE FILMS TO COME

Mutiny on the Bounty. Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery. (Sea.)
Black Ivory. George Brent, Ricardo Cortez. (Pirates.)
Lafayette Escadrille. (War.)
Roar China. (Chinese Pirates.)
Captain Blood. Warren William. (Pirates.)
West Point of the Air.
Oil for the Lamps of China.
Barbary Coast. Miriam Hopkins. (Waterfront.)

JOAN CRAWFORD, JEAN HARLOW, MARLENE DIETRICH, ANNA STEN and CONSTANCE BENNETT are problematical. Everything depends upon their vehicles. That the majority are versatile actresses there is no doubt. Crawford's is the most wasted dramatic talent in the industry. Harlow has already proved herself a delightful comedienne. Dietrich and Constance Bennett built their reputations upon highly sexed and sophisticated material, while Sten, with but two American pictures to her credit, is still, in spite of an extravagant publicity campaign, an unknown quantity as an audience magnet. Can this million-dollars' worth of electric-light names suddenly switch from one type of role to another with the ease of the changing of a costume? Can they work in accordance with the new moral code and still keep the fans who made them stars? Risky Gold-Bonds. Gamble, if you like.

KAY FRANCIS, IRENE DUNNE and JEANETTE MACDONALD are solidly established. Their positions on the stockboard will change relatively little during the year. Miss MacDonald will have some pretty tough competition from Grace Moore.

GLORIA SWANSON may be compared to a safe, reliable stock that took a nose dive which should ordinarily have finished her. Under Irving Thalberg's guidance she is destined to pay big dividends again, if the ovation accorded her in "Music in the Air" is any criterion of the comeback she may make in 1935. Prepare an important place on the stockboard for her—and buy by all means!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and MYRNA LOY are becoming increasingly important. Colbert will make pictures this year for Paramount, Warners and Columbia. Loy, censor's bait two years ago, is now the darling of the women's clubs. She is the symbol of the new sophistication; smart, real, ladylike—*sans* gestures, poses and hokum. Frank Capra's "Broadway Bill" should bring her new laurels. She made the most rapid strides of any actress in 1934. What a pace she'll have to go in 1935 to top herself! And she will.

BING CROSBY! Nuff sed. Outside of Mae West, Paramount's biggest money-maker. Closest rival—Dick Powell. But Bing needn't lose any sleep.

WILL ROGERS! Brings the family to the theater. Has the same universal appeal as the late Marie Dressler. Will continue to be one of the most popular of stars, who need fear neither age,

(*Please turn to page* 70)

Secure? *Katharine Hepburn*
Problematical? *Marlene Dietrich*
Sensational! *Ginger Rogers*
Slipping? *Greta Garbo*
Climbing! *Bette Davis*
Risky? *C. Bennett*
Brilliant! *Miriam Hopkins*
Lasting? *Grace Moore*



Maybe! *Francis Lederer*
Possibility! *Joe Morrison*
Reliable! *Warner Baxter*
Declining? *Maurice Chevalier*
Zooming! *Charles Laughton*
Competition! *Herbert Marshall*
Stardom! *Fred Astaire*
Powerful! *Walter Connolly*



Hitch Yourself





CAROLE LOMBARD — *Paramount*



BEAUTY experts in Hollywood show the way to accentuate your charm and reveal your personality through the art of hair arrangement and make-up. The arts and crafts they use to make women lovely by means of theatrical make-up have now been worked out and deftly applied to the use of everyday cosmetics that any girl can buy.

First decide—with our aid if you need it—the Hollywood star best suited to be your guide. Study her face and hair arrangement on the screen and in photographic reproductions.

To achieve the new head dress, first give your hair a thorough shampoo, cleansing every hair to bring out its natural softness and luster. When partly dried, comb the hair lightly back away from parts and waves to which it is accustomed, and complete the drying process.

Typical American girls from R. H. Macy & Co. Inc., give amazing proof of the magic of hair dress and make-up

"WHAT star do you most resemble?"

"I resemble a star? Incredible!"

"Stop and think. Didn't anyone ever say you looked like this star or that?"

"Don't imagine I would fall for such silly flattery."

After such a conversation our art and beauty experts go into a huddle, gazing the while through lowered lids at this average young American woman. Quickly they make note of the basic proportions of her features, the line of her brow, the height of her forehead and the length of her chin and the unmeasurable something that we call personality.

"You're a true Lombard type," they say to her. "Unmistakable Carole Lombard!"

Then on with the hair dressers and make-up experts. Hair lotions, pins, hair nets, wave sets, creams, powders, mascara, eyebrow cosmetics, rouge and lip stick—not of the theatrical sort, but just the kind that any girl can and does buy anywhere. A half hour or more of magic and then—presto chango!—the average American girl stands revealed. A perfect imitation of Lombard? No. Rather a perfect revelation of her own true self, achieved through the help of her type sister in Hollywood.

This new beauty culture does not advise or prescribe slavish imitation of any star, however glamorous. It simply shows the way to accentuation of personal beauty and revelation of charm in the Hollywood way.

And next comes the girl who was once told—though she didn't believe it—that she looked like Colbert. Cut the bang a little, Mr. Barber, and do the tricks that make hair soft and caressing. Use the creams and mascara to reveal the true beauty of large dark eyes and, there you are!

Now the girl with braids worn coronet fashion round her head. What if her hair isn't as fair as Sten's, and what if the committee doesn't quite agree. A half hour with the beauty experts, and then—not a second Sten, bound for Hollywood, but one more American girl who has learned the art of making up and arranging her hair to type—armed with that feminine courage that comes from a consciousness of charm and magnetism.

If you would like help in choosing your beauty type from Hollywood, turn to page 52.

to a Star





CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Paramount

Then get the barber to do any trimming or cutting needed to conform to the new coiffure. Saturate the hair with a good setting lotion, using as much as the hair will possibly absorb. This is especially important to train the hairs to their new position. Following the picture of your star, comb and part the hair the way it should go, and with the aid of fingers and comb, mold it in the desired waves and curls. Set curls and rolls with hair curlers and twist all stray ends up into round curls and fasten them with small wire pins. Don a net and let the hair dry thoroughly.

The surprise comes when you remove the net and lightly comb out the hair to reveal the new coiffure. If plenty of setting lotion has been used and the hair has been thoroughly dried, it will remain in good form for a week without resetting. (It should be brushed once a day, patted and combed back into shape and covered with a net before retiring.)



Now for the magic make-up that is to bring out hidden charm of face and features the Hollywood way.

First, the usual preliminaries, perfect cleansing with soap and water, cleansing cream, astringent. Now, studying the picture before you, trim your eyebrows or have them shaped for you to give the basic foundation for the new eyebrow line. Next, foundation cream and powder—then, looking in the mirror first at the picture before you and then at yourself, apply rouge to give the desired effect. Then mascara and eye shadow, and eyebrow pencil to produce the subtleties of shadows needed to give your eyes the new depth and contour. And finally the eyebrow pencil to give the necessary length or width; and lipstick painstakingly applied to make your lips as lovely as a star's.

ANNA STEN *United Artists*





Portrait Photographs by Frederic Bailey

•

Inset photographs show typical American girls before treatment. Same girls shown in larger photographs after new hair arrangement and make-up.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

NORMA SHEARER. . . If you're interested in beaches, this is Norma's own private one beside her house at Santa Monica. But, to tell the truth, the reason we're really printing the picture is just because it's so lovely.

HIDDEN SKIN TINTS IN THIS POWDER

do things for your skin



Now you can get just the shade of face powder you need to make your skin thrilling.

You need no longer be content with powder that merely covers face shine. Nor with powder that makes your skin look dull, drab, oldish. Now you can get glamorous new powder shades which actually do things for your skin.

These new shades contain the actual skin tints found in beautiful complexions.

See Your Skin Transformed

These hidden tints cannot be seen in the powder any more than in the skin. But they are there. Ready to flatter—glorify your skin to an amazing degree. Use this powder only once—and those you know—you love—will compliment the new sparkling loveliness of your skin.

These glamorous new shades are blended *scientifically* by Pond's. Read the amazing story of their discovery. Among them is just the shade that will accent your best points—make your complexion gloriously vibrant.

Pond's new Powder clings so closely, it never gives you a powdery look—yet it remains on hours and hours.

And it is so inexpensive! Only 55¢ for a glass jar that contains as much as many $1 boxes. In gay boxes for 10¢, 20¢, 25¢. It's available everywhere.



10¢ ¼ actual size

ONLY 55¢

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

How Science Discovered New Powder Shades

An optical machine, which reads the skin, color-analyzed the complexions of over 200 girls. Gorgeous complexions—bad complexions—all came under its searching eye. Then it was discovered that the clear, pearly blonde skin held a tint of *bright blue*—the brunette had a note of *brilliant green*. These same beautifying tints, hidden in human skin, Pond's blends invisibly into their new powder shades.

But we want you to try it FREE. Just mail this coupon. You'll receive, free, three different shades from which to select the one most flattering. Discover today what this entirely new powder will do for your skin.

3 shades **Free!**

SEND FOR THEM TODAY_____

(This offer expires April 1, 1935)

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. B, 92 Hudson St., New York
Please send, Free, Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name_____

Street _____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS WHOSE LETTERS TOLD ABOUT FRIENDLY HELPFUL SERVICES OFFERED BY

Drug Store Salespeople

The eighty-two prizes are announced below. Prize winning letters for the grocery store and department store will be announced in subsequent issues

First Prize . . $250.00

MRS. ANNA M. ROOT . . . . W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Second Prize . . $100.00

MRS. DAVID MALONEY . . . . . MURPHYSBORO, ILL.

Third Prize . . $50.00

MRS. G. THOMAS . . . . . OAKLAND, CALIF.

Fourth Prize . . $25.00

MRS. FRANK KLOHS	El Paso, Texas
MRS. ERNEST OSTERMEIER	Pipestone, Minn.
MRS. A. A. PIPER	Chicago, Ill.
MISS MINNIE STEWARD	Germantown, Pa.

Fifth Prize . . $10.00

BEATRICE BAKER	New York, N. Y.
MRS. RICHARD H. BOWLING	Brookhaven, L. I.
MRS. JOSEPH BROWN	Johnstown, Penna.
HAZEL M. BUNDY	Kingston, N. Y.
MRS. H. CHALLY	Morris, Ill.
MRS. H. C. CHAPMAN	Granite City, Ill.
HELEN COOL	New York, N. Y.
MRS. R. FRYER	Chicago, Ill.
MRS. JOHN GRAVES	Staten Island, N. Y.
MRS. J. B. HANDLEY	Staten Island, N. Y.
MISS MARY E. HEALY	Seattle, Wash.
MRS. FRED HOGAN	Huron, So. Dakota
AVO. HUMPHREY	Palo Alto, Calif.
MRS. THELMA KIRST	San Francisco, Calif.
MRS. E. J. McANDREWS	Minneapolis, Minn.
MRS. EDWARD McCABE	New York, N. Y.
MRS. JOHN PAPE	Cazenovia, Minn.
MISS BETTY PIPER	Indianapolis, Ind.
MR. R. H. REDFIELD	Philadelphia, Pa.
KARL G. REHER	Philadelphia, Pa.
MRS. G. SEYMOUR	San Bernardino, Calif.
MARCIA C. SMITH	Taylor, Nebraska
MRS. EMILY SUNDQUIST	Los Angeles, Calif.
H. C. THOMAS	Detroit, Mich.
MRS. ALMA WENDER	Cazenovia, Minn.

Sixth Prize . . $5.00

RUTH L. BARRE	Cassadaga, N. Y.
MRS. WM. C. BARTH	Bridgeport, Conn.
MISS EDITH BASSETT	Lebanon, Ind.
LORETTA BENZINGER	Chicago, Ill.
MISS RUTH BERMAN	Bronx, N. Y.
MARION BREWER	Chicago, Ill.
MISS HAZEL BROOKS	Waupan, Wisc.
WILLIAM H. BROWN	West Haven, Conn.
JOHN W. CASTO	Rock Island, Ill.
MRS. J. P. CLARK	Jackson, Miss.
MR. F. R. COZZENS	Stockport, Ohio
C. D. CURREN	Elmira, N. Y.
MRS. ELSIE H. DIKEMAN	Bronx, N. Y.
CARL. A. DONNER	Ann Arbor, Mich.
MRS. DAN DYER	Los Angeles, Calif.
DR. E. F. FINLEY	Indianapolis, Ind.
EARL FULLMER	Camino, Calif.
KATHERINE L. GREENE	Philadelphia, Pa.
MRS. MARGARET HARMON	Great Falls, Mont.
MRS. E. E. HAYES	Springfield, Ill.
JOHN HIGGINS	Flint, Mich.
MISS COLETTE HILDBRAND	Columbus, Ohio
GLADYS MARIE HOBART	San Francisco, Calif.
MRS. EVA HUMPHRIES	Noelette, Texas
VIOLETTE IHRKE	Milwaukee, Wisc.
MRS. FRANK ISAACS	Akron, Ohio
EMILY R. JEDD	Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. WM. KRUPP	Cleveland, Ohio
ELMO W. LANDERS	Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. MARY L. LOTZKAT	South Haven, Mich.
MRS. HOWARD C. LYNCH	Seattle, Wash.
MRS. M. MERICH	San Francisco, Calif.
MRS. F. R. MOORE	Detroit, Mich.
ELINOR F. NELSON	Muskegon, Ohio
CATHERINE NEWTON	Minneapolis, Minn.
C. P. PARDEE	Wichita, Kansas
MAE E. REMMERS	Redwood City, Calif.
DORIS ROGERS	Chicago, Ill.
WILL SEYMOUR	Staten Island, N. Y.
ROY ROBERT SMITH	Denver, Colo.
MRS. C. M. STEVENSON	Menlo Park, Calif.
MAE STEVENSON	Los Angeles, Calif.
HELEN STRONG	Clermont, N. Y.
CARL P. SPINA	Chicago, Ill.
MAXINE SWAN	Brooklyn, N. Y.
EDDYE McM. TURNER	Paris, Texas
MRS. LEILA WARD	Houtsdale, Penna.
MRS. LEE R. WARNICA	Kansas City, Mo.
E. WIETMAN	Lincoln, Nebr.
HELEN ZURLINDEN	Lakewood, Ohio

HOLLYWOOD

DAY BY DAY

WELL, Merry Christmas . . . er, Happy New Year. Or, maybe it's Valentine's Day! Anyhow, Old Man NEMO was so excited about the snappy new magazine that he plumb forgot the Season's Greetings!

That's a nice crazy start, but we've got a right to be crazy, what with our long-suppressed desire, Garbo, going head-over-heels for George Brent. No foolin' . . . the Silent Swede hasn't been in such a complete dither since John Gilbert was the Big Moment, 'way back in the good old "Flesh and the Devil" days. Or, do you remember?

George and Greta have the grandest time in the world, frolicking in the sand at George's beach house; or week-ending at La Quinta . . . all properly chaperoned, of course.

Ah! well, if it can't be us, we'd rather see Brent get the break than any one we know.

•

PARAMOUNT officials are sitting around impatiently waiting for the Charles Laughton "bean" to sprout!

When M-G-M borrowed the British "Buster," they shaved his head to fit the role of "Macawber" in the current "David Copperfield." However, before it was Laughton's turn to go before the camera, the Metro crowd decided that, at $15,000.00 per week, it was too expensive a proposition. So, they turned him in to Paramount in exchange for W. C. Fields, and now Paramount is stuck with "Ruggles of Red Gap" until Charlie can grow enough hair to step into the title role!



Furthermore, Paramount is trying to make M-G-M pay for sending back a bald-headed actor!

•

DON'T let these nice, quiet girls fool you! Ralph Forbes, Charlotte Granville and Doris Lloyd (all old penny-pitchers from 'way back) thought they'd have some fun teaching Jane Baxter how to "pitch for the line."

But, before the day was over, Jane had won all their pennies and was looking for new fields to conquer!

•

WE mustn't forget Johnny Weissmuller's colossal response to the pleas of autograph hounds who insisted that he give his famous "elephant" call for them, on his London visit.





Wide World

Marlene Dietrich and Fred Perry, internationally popular tennis star, get a coat of tan at Palm Springs.



Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh, great stars of "The Birth of a Nation," meet again in "Bachelor of Arts."



Wide World

Bob Montgomery can keep up that cheeriness because he and his wife sneak off for vacations on their boat.

The latest news of Hollywood—gossip—pictures of the stars—events—all that's going on

reported by NEMO

Taking a deep breath, the obliging Johnny drew himself to his full height and murmured: "Peep! . . . Peep!"

•

AND Patricia Ellis rises to announce that there is positively no engagement between her and Fred Keating. So . . . that's that. Or, *is* it?

•



YOU'D die laughing to watch Edmund Lowe and Jack Holt strutting around the "Depths Below" set in their old-fashioned long underwear!

It's a diving picture and so cold under the water that there was nothing to do but get some antique union suits to keep the boys warm.

Believe it or don't, there wasn't a single pair of grandpa's flannels this side of these hyar mountings! And, after frantically turning a hundred department stores upside-down, Jack and Eddie were obliged to send to New York for them.

•

ROGER PRYOR doesn't know a whole lot about navigation, but he's so crazy about his brand new sailboat that he figured he could learn to run it as he went along.

On a one-man cruise to Catalina, the other day, Roger tacked abruptly into the wind when he shouldn't have tacked at all. The boat went over, as neatly and thoroughly as Max Baer's sparring partners, and Mr. Pryor got wetter than a herring.

Fortunately, there were several rescuers close at hand and Roger, with everything drenched but his enthusiasm, was hauled to safety.

And don't think he let that be a lesson to him. Because the very next week-end out he went to tackle it all over again!

•

WALLACE BEERY, aviation fiend that he is, has just purchased a brand new plane and, when his wife is well enough, he plans to put the plane aboard the first Europe-bound steamer, tuck the missus under one arm, Baby Carol Ann under the other, and fly all over Europe!

•

JACK OAKIE and Mary Brian are co-owners of a trick parrot, and, after days of concentrated effort, they have taught the bird to crow like a rooster.

Now, all the hens

(*Please turn to page* 61)





Wide World

Left: The Harold Lloyd children, Peggy, Harold Jr., and Gloria, entertain Shirley Temple at a gay party.

Below: At the Stanley Bergerman party. Helen Vinson, Carl Brisson and Toby Wing make a happy threesome.



Wide World

Hollywood Entertains

The social merry-go-round of the month, brought to you by GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's society reporter

EVER since Eve wrapped herself in fig leaves and asked Adam to guess who she was and didn't he think she looked cute, folks have loved costume parties. Disguising themselves—playing they are somebody else.

Marion Davies disguised even her Santa Monica beach house recently, making it over into a section of old Tyrol, and everybody who came wore the native Tyrolean garb. And a great scrambling for books on the subject there must have been, also a great rummaging in costume departments.

The aprons seemed to be the hardest to find. Gloria Swanson admitted she had helped to make her own, because she wanted a particular, long kind that she had seen in a picture; Jean Harlow wore a boy's costume, which suited her admirably—because she couldn't find exactly the right dress.

William Powell was Jean's escort. He wore a black velvet suit with a little feather in the rakish hat.

Edmund Lowe came alone, and spent a lot of time playing ping pong and other games with his friends Herbert Marshall, Edgar Selwyn, and Charlie Chaplin.

Herbert Marshall brought Gloria Swanson; Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, having made up, were more devoted than ever to each other; and Gilbert Roland was with Constance Bennett a goodly part of the evening.

Pola Negri, as usual, drew a lot of masculine attention, and was talking sparklingly with Prince David Mdivani, Billy Haines, Harry Crocker, and others.

Everybody was especially interested when Pola and Billy Haines were spotted talking to each other animatedly, as their hectic romance of other days was recalled.

The swimming pool was open, and well lighted, and Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Richard Barthelmess and some other of the hardier masculine souls exchanged their picturesque costumes for bathing suits and took a dip.

Mary Pickford and Harpo Marx distinguished themselves and astonished the natives by stepping a real Tyrolean folk dance.

THOSE three pals, Loretta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, may always be found in three-somes with their beaus.

So we weren't surprised to find them at Rosie Dolly's with Max Baer, Howard Hughes and Pat di Cicco. Couldn't find out which came with which, except that Polly Ann seemed to be with Pat.

There were some lone arrivals, too—Jeanette MacDonald, whose friend Robert Ritchie was in New York, and Edmund Lowe, who goes everywhere alone.

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill were there too.

And though Jean Harlow came with William Powell, she was dispensing her smiles all about, at each admirer who made his appearance.

Another delightful costume affair was given by Dick Polomar, assisted by his beautiful young wife, who was Miss America a couple of seasons ago.

Jack LaRue came as a bad, bold Apache, yet he went meekly enough into the kitchen and cooked the best mess of spaghetti you ever ate; while Colin Tapley, not in costume, but dressed in formal tails, attended to the beer tap. That is, he did when he wasn't being so attentive to Marina Schubert, the new Paramount find, who was dressed as a Tyrolean princess. She offered to help him at his duties, because he absentmindedly let the tap run long after the customers had filled their glasses!

It was the younger group of players mostly who were guests, and they entered entirely into the spirit of the party, Mary Carlisle, as a Hungarian peasant, and José Crespo, Spanish actor, who wore the real Morocco sheik's (*Please turn to page* 58)



Manatt

An elaborate affair against a Tyrolean background welcomed Marion Davies home from Europe. Here are Marion, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer.



Hay Fever

MANY a hay fever sufferer can point to a calendar and foretell almost to the day when his misery will begin. Often, he knows how long it will last.

His acute distress is caused by pollen carried in the air from a particular kind of tree or grass or weed or, in rare instances, a flower. Some people may be affected by several types of pollen. Little or no relief may be secured until the particular types are known and proper measures are taken to immunize against them.

It requires patience on the part of the sufferer and thoroughness and understanding on the part of his doctor to find out, in advance of the dreaded season, whether hay fever will be brought on by a tree in April or May, a grass in June or July, or a weed in August or September.

One of the methods by which the doctor finds out which pollen causes hay fever consists of making a series of tiny scratches, about an eighth of an inch long, which penetrate the outer skin. He may make from eight to thirty tests, the number depending upon the variety of air-borne pollens in the patient's locality. On each scratch the doctor applies one drop of a different pollen solution. If a particular pollen has caused past trouble, a slight, itching elevation will appear on the skin where the scratch was made.



Based on the results of these tests, the doctor knows just what to do and when to begin to build up the immunity of his patient against the individual trouble-making pollen or pollens.

Some stubborn cases do not yield to this immunizing process, but a majority of hay fever patients have been made far more comfortable by it. Many of them have been relieved completely.

The time to begin the battle against 1935 hay fever is *now!*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1935 M. L. I. CO.



Queen Marie Antoinette lost her head on a chopping-block. A horrible fate? Tut, tut! Norma Shearer and Marion Davies *both* wanted to be Queen Marie. So—!

Royal Squabbles
OF THE MOVIE QUEENS

This is sawed-off shotgun season for the ladies of the films. Herb Howe wears boxing-gloves as he pecks at his typewriter, and keeps ready to duck

MARIE ANTOINETTE has caused another Revolution. The unhappy French Queen has torn M-G-M asunder and set Hollywood's mightiest majesties at war by innocently inspiring them simultaneously to die on the guillotine in her name. Norma Shearer and Marion Davies are tossing heads at one another.

By exercise of skilled diplomacy two Queens may exist on one lot, but hardly two Marie Antoinettes. When "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was purchased by the studio, Miss Davies set her heart on it, but it went to Miss Shearer. Next *Reine* Marion set heart and head on "Marie Antoinette," only to find herself, on returning from Europe, in the shadow of Miss Shearer's guillotine. The air was ominous and war clouds lowered, just as they did over Europe when King Alexander was assassinated. But this time something happened. More like the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand was the effect upon Hollywood, though not with quite the violence of the World War. This revolt was without bloodshed, due to Miss Davies' innate diplomacy and long aversion to any form of capital punishment. She quietly gathered her glittering forces about her and rolled off the lot in a high-powered tumbril Burbank-bound. On the Warner Brothers domain she will set up *her* guillotine and Versailles. On leaving the lot after a long reign she issued a proclamation of regret and love to all. Equally tactful, Miss Shearer went into temporary retirement, and announcement was made that she had shelved "Marie Antoinette," presumably temporarily.

On the whole this peaceful settlement of what might have been an old-style, rip-snorting Hollywood rumpus is a testimony to the new age in which we live and to the humane strategy of Hollywood's little women.

Frankly, it was a disappointment to us old war horses who watched the mighty Negri and Swanson rage with missiles and gas, back in the twenties. Even then Hollywood showed an effeminizing tendency. Miss Swanson had something of the new diplomacy. She worked quietly and with aloof scorn, putting cats in the path of cat-loathing Pola. But Pola talked. In quite loud voice. "In Poland we kill!" was her original expression. This was modified, out of respect to the customs of this country, to "I will sue!" The fire-breathing Pola also made a valiant stab at tact. Breathing heavily from the effort of restraint, she conveyed her attitude to the press anent Miss Swanson. "She have a certain—what you call?—style. But I am artiste. How could I be jealous?" No, it was nothing personal, Pola avowed. Simply that she had always been first on every lot in Europe and she wouldn't abandon principles for any amount of our gold. One or the other must go. Miss Swanson went. Pola's victory was dubious, though, since Miss Swanson proceeded in triumph to a royal wage and domicile at United Artists. And soon Clara Bow butted into Pola's domain at Paramount and Pola went. Unhappy is the head that wears a crown. A queen has to be always on her toes. Or, better yet, Queen Garbo's momentous observation: "One never knows what time will bring, does one?" There have been other death-threatening rivalries, mostly press-stimulated. Valentino was stirred a little by the horde of "successors" following in his wake. Lupe Velez, first of the Mexican senoritas on the screen, was moved to give inciting impersonations of her country-woman, Mlle. Dolores Del Rio. Attempt was made to draw out Miss Garbo by heralding her "successors" but she barricaded herself in jaw-locking Swedish silence.

Fashion feuds between "best-dressed ladies of the screen" is an old press stunt. When the newspaper boys feel for a field day they leap in among the little tigresses, quote one about another, and soon expensive fur is flying in headlines.

At Paramount, fear was entertained of a Balkan explosion when Mae West swayed with her peculiar pugilistic swing in the direction of tailored Dietrich. When Miss Dietrich (*Please turn to page* 73)

Drawings by D. B. Holcomb

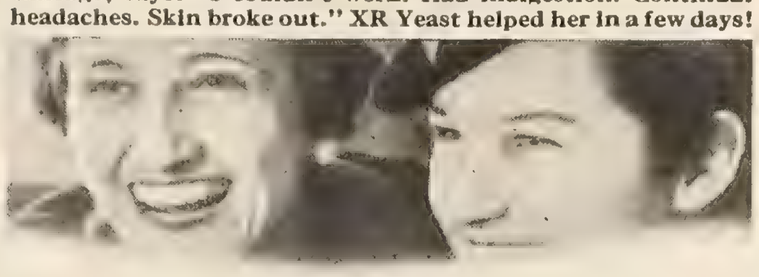


"That's what you get for inviting Society!" said Marion Davies, when her guests fought.



"RELIEVED ME IN 3 DAYS!"
South Bend, Indiana. Mrs. Opal Haymaker writes: "I suffered from constipation . . . This Fleischmann's XR Yeast is amazing . . . relieved me in 3 days!"

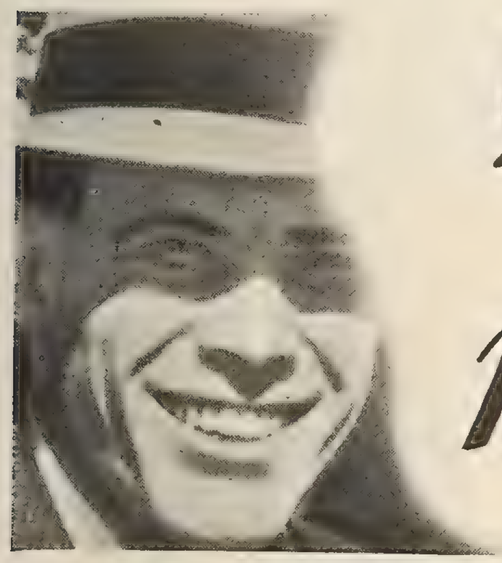
"IT'S WONDERFUL!" . . . Peggy Pool, 443 Englewood Ave., Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion. Continual headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!





"—ACTED IN 72 HOURS!"
Norwood, Pa. David Evans writes: "I developed constant indigestion. This *new* XR Yeast acted in 72 hours . . . *I can see why doctors are enthusiastic about it!*"

3 Millions already eating new "XR" Yeast...!



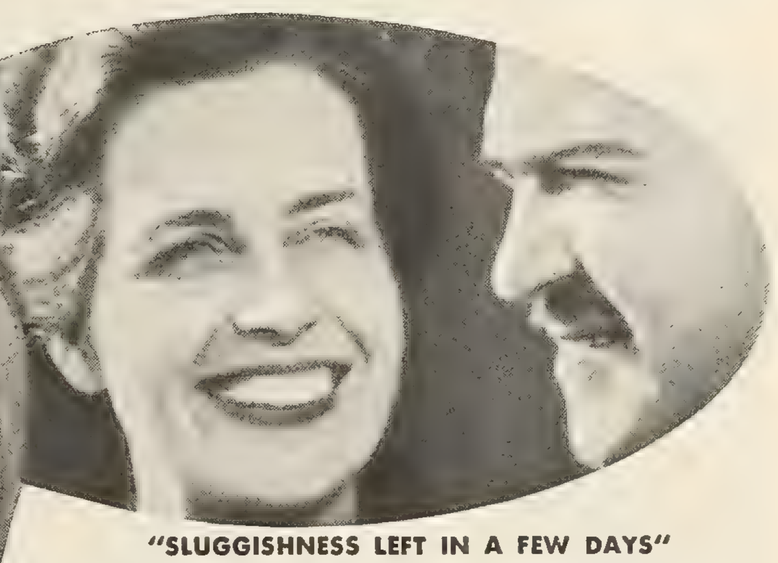
"INDIGESTION STOPPED FAST!"
Elizabeth, N. J. Brewster S. Beach writes: "My digestion was all wrong. I tried yeast—the XR kind. My indigestion and headaches soon disappeared. There's nothing like it!"



"PIMPLES DISAPPEARED IN A HURRY!"
Chicago, Ill. Miss Florence Ryan writes: "Blotches all over my face! I feared I'd lose my job. Almost everyone in a friend's office was eating yeast . . . In a few days after starting XR Yeast, my pimples weren't noticeable!"



NEVER BELIEVED IN LAXATIVES
Waltham, Mass. Mrs. W. R. Hickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion *very soon!*"



"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS"
Cable, Wis. Margueritte Bro, a writer, says: "Huddling over a typewriter isn't exactly conducive to health. I lost appetite, felt drowsy and miserable. I tried laxatives—had to discard them. Finally I tried Fleischmann's XR Yeast. *I have only praise for it!* My sluggishness left in just a few days!"

DOCTORS—CLINICS—in America, Europe, enthusiastic about XR Yeast, report: "Quicker than any yeast before!" The noted clinic head and consultant, Dr. H. Stevenin (above), says: "This new XR Yeast gives unbelievably quicker results."

IN cities, towns . . . *everywhere* . . . people are eating this new yeast that corrects common ills twice as quickly!

You see, it's a stronger *kind* of fresh yeast. It speeds up your digestive juices and muscles . . . moves food through you fast. Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles:—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy.

In addition, it supplies newly added Vitamin A *that combats colds!* And it's rich in Vitamins B, D, G . . . *four* vitamins, as well as hormone-like substances that aid health!

Eat 3 cakes daily—plain, or dissolved in ⅓ glass of water—half an hour before meals. Gradually discontinue harsh laxatives . . . Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain. Start eating it today!

NRA CODE

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FLEISCHMANN'S "XR" YEAST...*acts quicker*

Sitting on TOP of the World

A NEW YORKER, BORN AND BRED, GEORGE BRINGS A BIT OF THE BIG TOWN WITH HIM—THE ONLY PENTHOUSE IN HOLLYWOOD

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM





A panorama of the whole city of Los Angeles spreads out below the patio roof-garden. In the daytime the view extends to the blue blur that is the Pacific.





The room of Mack Gray, George's secretary, is done in brown and olive-green, with bright chintz window drapes.



The living-room has walls of soft gray and is carpeted in dull green. The davenport and easy-chairs are upholstered alike in green brocade and broadcloth. Bright chintz curtains are at the windows adding an attractive contrast to the rest of the furnishings.

Left: George may not do his own cooking, but he believes in cheerful kitchens even for bachelors. Featuring glazed tile, the kitchen is in yellow and black. A tiny, modernistic bar opens off the dining-room.

GEORGE RAFT is the only movie star in all Hollywood living in a sky-high residence. He has just leased a swanky penthouse on the top floor of the beautiful *El Royal*, facing the Wilshire Country Club.

It's the first real home George has had since he was a child but it is a far cry from the humble abode on Forty-first Street, near Tenth Avenue, in New York City, where he was born. During the intervening years he has parked in a variety of hotels. He's sampled the entire route from the cheapest dumps on side streets to the world's most palatial. Perhaps that's why he is so enthusiastic over his luxurious penthouse.

We had just come over from the Paramount Studio where he finished a tense scene in his latest film. We stepped through his reception hall, then into the living-room flooded with the bright warm afternoon sun.

"Home!" said George, simply, all unconscious he was unleashing emotions long dormant.

"I'm getting a great kick out of it," he continued. "I thought quiet would get on my nerves. You see, I've been used to the bright lights, crowds, something doing. But this is changing me. Maybe," he grinned, "I'll yet learn to sit around in carpet slippers, listen to the radio and go to bed at nine. It's funny what environment can do to you. But I still hate being alone so Mack lives here with me."

No story on George Raft would be complete without Mack—Mack Gray, who managed George's boxing exhibitions and ever since has been his best pal, as well as trainer and "bodyguard." Where you see George, you see Mack, at the studio or socially. Now, Mack is appearing in George's film so perhaps he's off on a successful movie career of his own.

George's living-room is furnished in soft greens and mulberry and he has given it a masculine touch that is very charming.

Off the living-room is a large patio, something like twenty-eight by forty feet. It's a spacious sky-top garden with a Spanish fountain flashing its spray in the afternoon sun, and palms, flowering plants, canopied swings and winged tables make it the most alluring spot in which to read or loaf.

"I used to like to go to the night clubs and sit there until closing time watching the crowds and enjoying the show. But now I stay at home for I have my own show—the best in town," and George nodded toward the sweeping panoramic view of Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the hazy blue mountains forming a curtain along the north. It almost seemed as if we could see the ocean in the distance.

"At night," he continued, "it is a wonderful sight. Makes one think of a huge carnival lighted up for the evening performance.

"I'm scheduled to make four pictures in a row which means I won't have much time for play so I'll enjoy the amusements I can gather together here at home. Social affairs, especially if they are formal, don't attract me (*Please turn to page* 59)

A leading American Dermatologist says:

"Their Skin is years younger than their Age"



MRS. PAUL REVERE III
of Boston and Cohasset, Massachusetts

• "Not a hint of sallowness. Skin remarkably supple—firm. Has the appearance of being a full ten years younger than her age"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• Mrs. Paul Revere III, speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, says: "It even smooths away little lines around my eyes and mouth—keeps my skin soft."



MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

• "No blemishes. No lines. A fine texture. Her skin has the fresh radiance of the early teens"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• Mrs. Forbes, grandniece of Mrs. James Roosevelt, says: "Pond's Cold Cream frees my skin of blackheads, coarse pores."

You, too, can keep your skin flawless . . . Young

Beautiful skin depends very little upon your age. Haven't you seen women of 40 with skin as fresh and blooming as that of girls in their teens?

Skin youth . . . skin beauty . . . is determined by conditions within the skin itself, dermatologists say.

An active circulation—vigorously functioning oil glands—firm, full tissue—toned muscles . . . these make your skin look young, though your actual age may be sixteen or sixty.

These youthful conditions are often subject to the care you give your skin. Dermatologists' examinations prove this astounding fact—that women who use Pond's Cold Cream really keep their skin years younger than their age.

There is a scientific reason for this amazing power of Pond's Cold Cream to keep skin free from blemishes . . . enchantingly fresh and young.

This luxurious cream is rich in specially processed oils. It is exactly what the skin needs for deep-down cleansing. To revive depleted tissue. And—most important—to recharge glands and cells.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with this pore-deep cleanser . . . Pond's Cold Cream. Always pat it in every morning—before you make up during the day.

Lines . . Pores . . Blackheads . . DISAPPEAR

As you use this oil-rich cream, you'll see your skin grow younger—lovelier. You can actually watch lines and crepiness fade. Blackheads, coarse pores disappear. Even drooping contours firm. While to your skin will come that clear fresh bloom—that silken texture—which invariably distinguish the flawless skin of the women who use Pond's Cold Cream. This same fascinating charm—a glorious gardenia skin—can be yours through the years.

Start *now* to use Pond's Cold Cream regularly. This coupon will bring you a generous gift package.

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM contains the same effective ingredients. It melts instantly on the skin. Cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults. Prepares for powder and make-up.

Send now for generous 3 DAYS' TEST

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B, 48 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 10¢ (for postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

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YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment that they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Change Mae?—Hm-m-m! Let's change Mae West!

Why not have a different Mae West? Change her from the Nineteenth Century to 1934. Let's have no more of the "It" type of girl that men can't resist falling for.

I'm for changing Mae.—*Mrs. Clyde Stinson, 4 Franklin Avenue, Houlton, Maine.*

But how many would like that!

Norma's Perfection I have just seen that wonderful picture, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and my vocabulary fails me in telling what a truly extraordinary production it was.

Norma Shearer, through all her glittering successes, has never approached the perfection of her role as Elizabeth Barrett. She was the living, breathing heroine of long ago. It will be a long, long time before the poignant memory of that exquisite scene, where she crept to the window with her last strength to see her lover depart, will be erased from my memory, if ever.

I'll say it again: "When better pictures are made, Norma Shearer will make them."—*Mrs. Joe Miller, 620 North Graham Street, Charlotte, North Carolina.*

We hope Norma reads this grand tribute, Mrs. Miller.

Largeness of Mind In my estimation Ann Harding as an actress has no peer. The fates have been good to this fair, lovely creature, investing her with that creative something which deals with the largeness of the mind. When you view her pictures you do not think of her as an actress, but as the character she is portraying. She is always vitally that, and always you love her and think as she thinks.

There is nothing suggestive about Ann Harding. She has an elegance of manner which removes from her portrayals all trace of crassness. An impressive air marks every movement that she makes, and her beautifully modulated voice lingers in the ears longer than is usual.



"Jean Parker's fine work proves she is no flash in the pan." "Ann Harding has that creative something which deals with the largeness of the mind." "Norma Shearer has never before approached the perfection of 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.'" So say our readers. And: "Let's change Mae West. Change her from the 1890's to 1934."

Ann Harding is indeed a star of the first magnitude, and has won for herself a membership in the higher races.—*Mrs. William L. Stanaway, 124 East Case Street, Negaunee, Michigan.*

We have a story on Ann ready for print, Mrs. Stanaway, in which she speaks of these ideals as the very ones for which she is striving.



One Reader Answers Another To you, my dear Mrs. Vito: They tell me that asphyxiation is a most annoying, not to say painful, process. You wouldn't wish that on a dog, let alone on such a superb star as W. C. Fields. Of course, I am willing to admit that you, my dear Mrs. Vito, are far superior to the late (*Please turn to page* 68)



"The women stars take excellent care of their persons, but the men get fat," says a reader.

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1934 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count in the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE _____
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS) _____
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR) _____
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE _____
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE _____
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE _____
7. BEST ROMANCE _____
8. BEST COMEDY _____
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE _____
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE _____
11. BEST DIRECTION _____
12. BEST STORY _____

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote very carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Name ..... Address .....

$10,000.00 IN PRIZES WILL BE OFFERED FREE



1st PRIZE
NEW 1935 PLYMOUTH

Wouldn't you be thrilled if you won this new 1935 coach? (Value in cash, if you prefer.) You may win—it's easy. Delivered fully paid to your door.

NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—To Win This Prize.

2nd PRIZE
G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Your chance is as good as anyone's to win this beautiful, new, latest model family size, G. E. Refrigerator. (Value in cash if you prefer.)

NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—To Win This Prize.

3rd PRIZE
COLSON BICYCLE

Boy's or girl's, man's or lady's model—your choice. Fully equipped, with coaster brake, etc., etc.

(Value in cash if you prefer.)

NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—To Win This Prize.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES will be offered FREE

"JUST COUNT DOTS ON SHOE AND GIVE ONE OF BEST ANSWERS TO QUESTION 'WHAT IS SO-LO?'"

TO WIN ONE OF PRIZES ILLUSTRATED HERE

HOW MANY DOTS? SEE CLUE BELOW



HOW TO WIN

PRIZES SHOWN HERE
Honest Judges—See Paragraph 4

Do These Simple Easy Things

Easy, different, new kind of thrilling contest! Nothing to buy, nothing to sell to win any of 3 big prizes. Read how easy:

1. Count number of DOTS on shoe pictured here. Write number on Blank. (See IMPORTANT CLUE above the coupon.)
2. Answer Question: "What Is So-Lo?" Write answer in 25 words or less on separate piece of paper. Any answer about the economy feature, convenience, etc., of So-Lo, in your own words, may win—like: "World's lowest priced shoe repair," or "It's economical—just spread on like butter." (Note: Do not send the above answers—they are only examples.) Bad spelling won't count against you. Write in pencil, if you wish.
3. Prizes will be awarded primarily on the basis of the nearest correct number of dots; secondarily on the best answers (for advertising purposes) to the question, "What Is So-Lo." In event of ties for any prize, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.
4. Entries will be judged by impartial committee: Miss Mary Marshall, Home Economics Editor, Tower Magazines; Miss Marjorie Deen, Home Economics Editor, Modern Magazines; E. H. Brown, President, E. H. Brown Advertising Agency, Chicago. Judges' decisions will be final.
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, February 28, 1935. Prize winners will be notified shortly after close of contest.
6. So-Lo Works employees or their relatives not eligible to enter. Only 1 entry to a family.

This offer WILL NOT appear again! ACT NOW—MAIL ENTRY COUPON!

EASY!

Anybody May Win

YOU may be the one to receive a telegram announcing that you've won the 1935 Plymouth! Send in the Entry Blank now. No tricks, no "schemes," nothing to buy or sell, no other puzzles to solve, absolutely nothing else to do to win prizes shown here. Money to buy these 3 big prizes is deposited in biggest Cincinnati bank now. Your chance to win as good as anybody's. Hundreds of other big, valuable, surprise prizes will be offered FREE OF CHARGE. Entry blank brings all sensational details. Act now!

WHAT IS So-Lo?

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or Heel, 1c a repair! Spreads on half-soles as low as 8c a pair. *Easy—just dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread on sole like butter on bread.* Dries hard, tough, and smooth—waterproof, flexible, non-skid. Guaranteed to outwear ordinary leather or rubber. One kit can save as much as $6.00 to $25.00. Over 5,000,000 families now use So-Lo to fix cuts in tires, holes in auto tops, hot water bottles, and over 247 other uses.

See So-Lo at WOOLWORTH'S, KRESGE'S, KRESS', W. T. GRANT'S, NEISNER'S, McCRORY'S, MURPHY'S, McLELLAN'S, WALGREEN'S, SCOTT'S, BEN FRANKLIN, MONTGOMERY WARD'S, SEARS ROEBUCK'S, 5 AND 10c STORES, OR AT HARDWARE STORES.

ALSO AT NEWBERRY'S AND GREEN'S

World's Largest Makers of Money-Savers
CINCINNATI, OHIO

IMPORTANT CLUE to Number of Dots on Shoe

Look at **Patent Number** on the box of So-Lo at Woolworth's, Kresge's, Kress', W. T. Grant, Neisner's, McCrory's, Murphy's, McLellan's, Walgreen's, Sears Roebuck's, Montgomery Ward's, Scott's, Green's, Ben Franklin, 5 and 10c Stores, or at Hardware Stores. To get within 25 of the correct number of dots on shoe shown here, multiply the first three numbers of the patent number by three. IMPROVE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN: See SO-LO box at your neighborhood store today.

$200.00 CASH EXTRA!

Nothing to buy or sell to win prizes shown here, BUT if you send in part of So-Lo box showing PATENT NUMBER (or facsimile thereof) with your entry, you will receive $200.00 CASH EXTRA IN ADDITION to Plymouth Auto if you are declared winner of First Prize. Hurry—don't wait. Rush your entry today.

SEND NO MONEY··MAIL THIS TODAY

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

SO-LO WORKS, "Red" Appleton, Contest Manager,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear "Red":— ☐ Check here if sending in part of So-Lo box.

I want to win the FREE 1935 PLYMOUTH AUTOMOBILE, the G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, or the COLSON BICYCLE. Here is my entry:

There are.....dots on the So-Lo Shoe. My answer to the question "What Is So-Lo?" in 25 words or less is written on attached piece of paper.

NAME .....
(Print Plainly. Use pencil if you prefer)

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....(T)

So-Lo WORKS



"Autograph hunters would besiege me. Most of them would think I was Boris Karloff." Why *is* an autograph fiend, anyhow?

Why I'd Hate to be a Movie Star

A tear-jerking, heart-throbbing wail, from that embittered youth known as—JACK JAMISON

DRAWINGS BY HENRI WEINER

I HAVE lived in Hollywood for fifteen years, off and on. Mostly on. On ten cents a week!

I have lived in Hollywood for fifteen years, for which I am going to have to answer some day to my Maker, and it has taught me one thing.

I should hate to be a star.

I should hate it from start to finish. I think I might even hate the start worse than the finish. I should hate to wake up some bright morning (it would probably be raining) and see in the newspapers, "Street-sweeper becomes star! Jack Jamison, poor but honest young street-sweeper, zooms overnight to fame and a contract with Awful Pictures Corporation. Mr. Jamison, Cinderella Boy of 1935, is a gay, carefree lad with teeth like pearls and eyes of cornflower blue."

The story would go on: "While pushing his little wagon along the curb late yesterday afternoon, Jamison was noticed by a scout for Awful Pictures, Mr. Herman Doopelknappel, who was instantly struck by his resemblance to Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten and the scout's own grandmother, Mrs. Sadie Doopelknappel. Mr. Doopelknappel has been struck more than once, and deserved it. A contract followed.

I should *not* like to read: "Mr. Jamison, interviewed at his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria this morning while toying with a dainty breakfast of sauerkraut and pheasant on toast, smiled a boyish smile. 'I am simply thrilled to tears!' he cried. Our Jackie is still the same, unspoiled boy he was yesterday, without the least sign of high hat. 'How,' he asks, 'could you fit a high hat on my low brow?' "

Yes, I should hate all that. I shouldn't like it a bit. It would take away all my appetite for my dainty breakfast in my suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. I should be inclined to yell "Bunk." These discoveries, that you're always reading about in the papers! Nine-tenths of them never get beyond playing a bit in one picture, if they even get that far!

But supposing I did click, and become a star. I shouldn't like any of the things that go with it. I shouldn't like the lack of privacy. My mother didn't raise me to be a goldfish. If I wanted to be a goldfish I would be swimming around in a globe somewhere right now instead of sitting here at a typewriter telling you all this and ruining your illusions.

Oh, I know—the public give you your stardom and your nice salary, they tell you, so you owe it to the public to let them know how many hours you sleep, how you brush your teeth, what you eat, how many times you've been married, just when you plan to get your next divorce, everything.

I don't say a star oughtn't to do it, I just say *I* shouldn't *like* it. If I happen to have a weakness for underwear with pink and green stripes, I don't want to have a photographer take a picture of me in it, sitting on the rail of a liner waving my hand at the Statue of Liberty.

I don't want to have to stop doing things for fear of publicity, either. Suppose I am a star married to another star, and she eats crackers in bed and forgets to put the cap back on the toothpaste. Ordinarily, if I had a fiend like that for a wife, I would beat her with a baseball bat, or maybe lock her down in the cellar with the rats until she went crazy and strangled herself with her own garter-belt. (The Jamisons are just a regular bunch of Laughtons and Karloffs.)



Jamison, the Boy Wonder, enjoys a light breakfast.

But could I do it if she and I were both stars? No, I couldn't! I should have to pose for photographs with her, rubbing noses and calling her Boojums. Every newspaper in the country would print stories telling how we adored each other and called each other Boojums, when really we loathed the sight of each other. That would make me very disconsolate.



How to act in three lessons: "Iloveyoulloveyoullov—."

And, speaking of marriage, supposing I was one of those quaint old-fashioned people who try to stay married, in Hollywood!

Suppose I earned seven hundred dollars a week (ha, ha) and my wife earned (a very loud ha, ha) seven thousand. Bang—divorce!

Suppose she made the seven hundred and I made the seven thousand. Then she'd divorce *me*, for interfering with her career.

Suppose we both made the same salary, but the producers forgot me for a year, and she made a lot of pictures. Then they'd say I was through, and she'd divorce me for *that*.

Every time one of us went to the studio and the other stayed at home to tend little Hobart, the baby, all the newspapers would print extras saying we had separated.

And then, of course, every new leading woman I had would make goo-goo eyes at me. Mostly it would be because I was so devilishly handsome, of course, with my marcelled hair and my luscious cupid's-bow lips. Oh, Jamison! Yoo-hoo! But part of it would be because she wanted to use me for a stepping-stone to stardom for herself. And then my wife would hear her call me You Great Big Babykins one day on the set—and she'd divorce me for *that!*

Trying to stay married in Hollywood is like turning a ten-year-old boy loose in a candy store and telling him sugar will give him worms. After a while he just doesn't care.

I shouldn't like to be bossed by a studio, either. Five-year contracts, they call them. Seven-year contracts. Ninety-nine year leases. Oh, is that so?

Way down at the bottom of page 68, in small type, is a cute little clause which says you can be fired at the end of any six-month term. When you're a star you can look ahead and be sure of your corn-bread and drippings for just six months, and that's all!

Other clauses say you can be fired if you get one pound overweight, if you grow a beard, if you wear plush hats, if you admit in public that your Uncle Louie is a dope, if you get into street fights with policemen. Maybe I like plush hats! Maybe I even like to fight with policemen, if they're not too big! Why, I know some contracts—and I'm not kidding—that tell a star how much he has to pay for his automobile and how many suits a year he must order from his tailor. To say nothing of the rent he must pay for a swank apartment to keep up his (and the studio's) front!

If the only good thing you can say for being a star is the big salary you get—what about your big salary if your contract, plus your social obligations, insists that you spend nine-tenths of it before you get it?

More than one star works like a dog for five years at a "big" salary and ends up with nothing to show for it but a hundred suits of clothes, with shiny pants. Or a set of false teeth.

The stars themselves tell you five years is the longest time they can hope to stay at the top in pictures. Well—not for Papa! I don't want any job where I'm dead by the time I'm thirty and have to walk around for another thirty or forty years in the same old body. I don't want anybody to call me a has-been when I've hardly gotten my diploma from grammar school.

I shouldn't mind (*Please turn to page* 67)

TINTEX Brings Fashion's Colors to Wardrobe and Home Decorations



WHAT TINTEX DOES

TINTEX restores color to faded fabrics in a jiffy . . . keeps undies fresh and gay-looking . . . brings the season's smart colors to your wardrobe . . . makes your last year's apparel look like new . . . keeps curtains and drapes bright and fresh...keeps home decorations color-smart...gives professional results . . . is used without muss, fuss, or bother . . . costs only a few pennies and saves dollars!

Faded Fabrics Become Gay and New Again!

THE new Paris colors can be yours in a jiffy . . . with easy Tintex. For the Tintex way is the shortest, simplest, surest road to color smartness. These magic tints and dyes are always at your command . . . and always ready to bring you up-to-the-minute in fashion.

Millions of smart women are finding a daily need for Tintex . . . giving fresh new color to their apparel and home decorations . . . and restoring original color to every faded fabric. Costs only a few pennies . . . saves many dollars. So easy, too. Simply "tint as you rinse". Perfect results—always. Select your favorite Tintex colors—*today*. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

Park & Tilford, *Distributors*

Tintex

The World's Largest Selling Tints and Dyes

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

To the Lovely Lady
IN THIS PICTURE



LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.

And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way!

Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so important! . . . Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And That "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

B-25 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



Wide World

Charlotte Henry's option was not taken up. Has she a chance?

Hollywood's younger set may be the stars of the future. Here's what they're doing this month

By HENRY WILLSON



Wide World

Sue Carol, Howard Wilson, and NEW MOVIE. Read what the author says about putting Howard and others in musicals.

JUNIOR HOLLYWOOD

PICTURE audiences can prepare themselves for many new faces among the younger players this coming season. Many of the major studios have four or five young people of whom they expect big things—and from what I can see, will probably fulfill their hopes. Mary Jordan, younger sister of that well-known star, Dorothy Jordan, is one young lady you'll be hearing about soon. Mary has been awarded no roles, yet she does seem to have what most self-made stars of today possess—a definite determination. Though the sister of Dorothy Jordan, and sister-in-law of Merian C. Cooper, RKO executive, Mary insists on going to the various studios herself and doing "bit" work. She has just completed atmosphere work in "Grand Old Girl," the new May Robson picture, and because the studio sent out so much publicity on the fact that Dorothy Jordan's sister was in the picture (some papers even announced she had the second lead), Mary plans to change her name to avoid that happening in the future. It is for that reason, plus the fact that her stage work proves her ability that I feel you will be hearing from Mary Jordan soon.

* * * * * *

Producers—Here's an idea. How about an all-star musical picture featuring Hollywood's young starlets? Warner Brothers, after months of pleading by letter, wire, telephone and in person, on the part of Patricia Ellis to have them hear her sing, finally broke down the other day and tuned in on a local radio program featuring Pat as guest of honor. To the boss' astonishment, they discovered what we've all known for a year: that Pat has one of the loveliest "blues" voices in Hollywood.

To the other studios, let me suggest that Jean Parker, Richard Cromwell, Trent Durkin, Charlotte Henry, Joan Marsh and Ben Alexander have excellent singing voices. Tom Brown, Howard Wilson, Johnny Downs, Jacqueline Wells, and Richard Brodus are swell tap dancers, Anita Louise is a top-notcher on the harp (ask her neighbors if you don't believe me), Dick Winslow plays eleven musical instruments, and all this going to waste while studios sit back and let their one singing and dancing star do the work for every production. Most of these players mentioned are not under contract to a studio, and could undoubtedly be corralled for what might be the most novel musical production of the year.

The Frank Albertsons seem to be falling for each other all over again.



Mary Jordan, shown with John Beal, refuses to succeed on sister Dorothy's name.

Last Tuesday, Mrs. Albertson (Virginia Shelly) fell down a full flight of steps—and two hours later, Frank, the perfect husband, followed in his wife footsteps—or missteps. Two days later Virginia sprained her left ankle; an hour and a half after Frank had sprained his right ankle on the "Bachelor of Arts" set over at the studio. Never a dull moment.

Charlotte Henry becomes the Peter Pan of the film industry. Charlotte who gained fame as Alice in "Alice in Wonderland," has just completed another fairy tale role in "Babes in Toyland." This girl is different from most of Hollywood's feminine members of the younger set. Instead of striving, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to be the sophisticated ingenue of the screen, Charlotte (who is older than many of our ingenue sophisticates) has a yen to remain the Alice age for many years to come. And Charlotte has very good reasons. First, she doesn't feel or look any older than that age, and secondly, she has complete monopoly on that type of role—and her ambition is to do them all.

Jean Rouverol, young Pasadena girl, signed by Paramount for the leading role in "Eight Girls in a Boat," and later forced by her illness to give up the part, has now been given the romantic lead opposite Julian Madison in "It's a Gift"—W. C. Fields' last picture.

* * * * * * *

A blood-curdling scream, followed by a wild shout and a loud crash, caused a near panic recently on an RKO set during the filming of a quiet scene.

Investigation revealed that 14-year old Jimmie Butler had curled up in two chairs, off-stage, to take a nap. Evidently the uncomfortable position made him dream. At any rate Jimmie screamed suddenly and came up fighting the chairs which had formed his bed. Everyone had a good laugh, but was Jimmie's face red!

Ralph Bellamy Tells on Fred March

(*Continued from page 23*)

speed is like, and the squeals of anguish emanating from the back seat on such occasions must startle the pedestrians out of our way, for we bear a charmed set of lives on those rides.

Can you imagine Freddie March playing the role of father in real life? I couldn't either—at first.

When Florence first broached the idea of adopting a baby, Freddie snorted and scoffed. He gave side-splitting imitations of himself walking the floor with a baby, and presented profound arguments to prove the utter ridiculousness of the whole scheme. Adopt a baby! Absolutely not!

So they compromised and adopted a baby.

The first thing we knew, Freddie had gone completely berserk over that child. He prances and romps with her until little Penelope March gurgles with sheer joy. The Laguna Beach home—always their favorite retreat—was originally a rather small affair. But now look at it! Proud Papa March, having taken up a career as a father, could be content with no half-way measures.

There had to be a nursery. It is almost as big as a Hollywood drawing room. Then quarters for the nurse, and a special kitchen. He even had a dumbwaiter built from the main kitchen to the nursery, so that if her majesty Queen Penelope should desire a midnight snack from the icebox, the nurse had only to press a button.

He fairly haunts the nursery, and prowls about to see that all is shipshape while Penelope takes her beauty rest.

The other day he proudly surveyed the big nursery, and remarked:

"With so much room, don't you think we ought to adopt a couple more babies?"

Florence, being a most dutiful wife, smiled and yielded not to the temptation to say—"see, I told you so!" Freddie believes in doing a thing thoroughly, once begun!

THE Laguna home is an ideal retreat for them. It stands on a high cliff some three or four miles south of the town. Back of the house is a veritable wilderness of hills and canyons, and our favorite diversion is to go hiking there. One day we four set out to explore strange territories.

Freddie and I had climbed through a fence and were striding along some distance ahead of the girls, when we looked up to behold ten big, belligerent bulls lined up in our path. Freddie and I came to an abrupt halt. Then Freddie asked, with a lift of his brows:

"Do you, ah, think they like people?"

One of the bulls stepped toward us.

"They do not like people," Freddie observed quickly. We marched back to the girls, who silently joined the solemn procession back to the fence, through it, and then, from a safe distance, we looked back. The bulls had not moved.

No bulls frequent the beach at Laguna, however—unless we count some of Freddie's verbal ones. He and Florence take the baby down the steps and spend hours on the sand. But lying still is not for Freddie—he brings along a medicine ball and finds someone to play catch.

His house is full of games of all sorts, designed to entertain those who abhor the simple delights of sitting and thumb twiddling. No matter what the game, Freddie usually can win it.

Freddie is a born entertainer and host. The March's dinners, usually for six or eight, are social highspots.

Freddie has very few dislikes—aside from bulls and egotists. He tours through life in high gear, enjoying every minute of the ride. But he has one very definite dislike. A most definite one—toward physical labor. He will expend a prodigious amount of energy to avoid downright work.

I discovered this secret grudge for labor one time when I proposed that we make a badminton court. By leveling a slope near the beach house we would have a splendid place for the game of shuttlecock, but Freddie eyed the spot with disfavor. We searched diligently for two days and finally came back to the original site.

"All we have to do is shovel away that dirt," I pointed out. "Come on, here's a shovel. I'll use the pick."

Freddie made several passes with the shovel, then recalled an urgent errand in town. After that he remembered that he must call the studio. I made up my mind to see the thing through, and it became a silent, bitter struggle between two determined souls—I to make Freddie work, he to get out of it. Finally he capitulated, and when he made up his mind to it the court was finished in short order.

HE has a splendid physique and despite the nervous restlessness of his make-up, is robust and healthy.

To a large measure the credit belongs to Florence. No late hours when a picture is in production; good food thoughtfully selected for dietetic values; cheerful, happy environment at home.

Sometimes Florence may become over-enthusiastic in diet regulations, as I have cause to know. There was one dietary siege when we must use celery salt and no pepper, eat gluten bread, and use saccharine instead of sugar in our Sanka coffee. As an added touch we must drink flax seed tea before retiring. I strongly suspect that Freddie was as relieved as I was when this spell passed. But it keeps him healthy.

He is a most tractable husband and dutifully eats what is good for him. After regarding my own shortcomings and those of others, I would nominate him a really remarkable husband.

Freddie is very devoted to his family, which consists of his father, two brothers and a married sister. They correspond regularly and visit back and forth. He takes his fraternal affiliations with the most serious regard, and is proud of his alma mater, the University of Wisconsin.

The success he enjoys in pictures was won by years of hard work, and though he may use all that clever wit and ingenuity to avoid labor, when it comes to picture business he does not spare himself. It is odd to remember that he had to be coerced into leaving a bank teller's job to start his theatrical career, for, more than any man I know, he loves the drama.

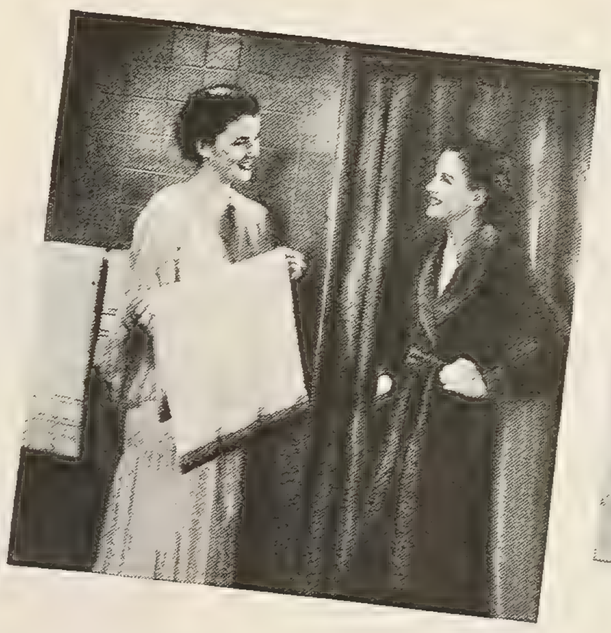
I have, I hope, given you some inkling of the splendid fellow that is Freddie March. It is difficult to catch that engaging personality with words. Perhaps I could express it all quite simply, in just one short sentence.

No one could ask for a finer friend than Freddie March.

"I hate tattle-tales!..



...and here's how I chased them out of my house"





"My sister was the one who opened my eyes . . . 'Bess, you're a hard worker,' she said, 'but these clothes of yours are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone who comes to the house that they aren't really clean!'. . . I was furious, but I took her advice. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."



"And what a lucky day! It takes a second to chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine. Then I whirr it a bit—and it piles up with grand creamy suds. I never dreamed *golden soap is so much richer.* And Fels-Naptha is *full of clean-smelling naptha!* Of course, dirt hasn't a chance. Even grimy, greasy dirt *floats* right out."

"Everybody says nice things about my washes now—no more *tattle-tale gray* in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see. In fact, Fels-Naptha is *so* gentle to everything that I use it for all my silk undies and dainty in-the-basin washes." ...Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1935, FELS & CO.

NRA CODE

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

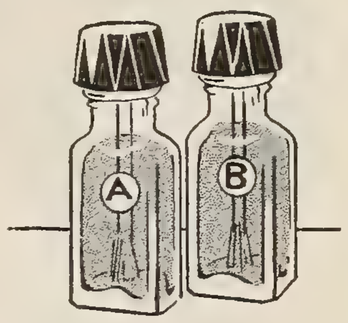
Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish



After 7 days' wear the results show—

81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

•ALSO•

Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES



WYNNE GIBSON Invents New Salads for Lunch

LIQUIDS for breakfast, salads for luncheon and the sky's the limit for dinner. That, in brief, is Wynne Gibson's answer to the question of three meals a day. Her favorite for the big meal is broiled beefsteak, and for luncheon any sort of salad in which raw vegetables predominate. That, at least, is one way of getting your quota of minerals and vitamins needed to keep you young and beautiful.

Here are some of the Wynne favorites:

CABBAGE-APPLE SALAD: Wash, quarter and core 2 juicy red apples and chop coarsely without paring. Mix with 2 cups freshly chopped cabbage, ½ cup chopped walnuts or pecans, and ¼ cup real mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves garnished with sliced stuffed olives.

RAW SPINACH SALAD: Use crisp tender spinach leaves, stripped from the stems. Place the spinach on a board and mince with a knife until you have about 1½ cup. Mix with 1 cup chopped celery and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Serve on lettuce with real mayonnaise or French dressing.

CELERY ROOT SALAD: Carefully pare 3 or 4 celery roots and grate about 1½ cup. Combine with equal amount of chopped celery stalk, and ½ cup grated Brazil nut meats or chopped pecans. Serve on lettuce with desired salad dressing.

NEW ONION SALAD: Mix ¼ cup freshly chopped parsley and ¼ cup freshly chopped onion with French dressing to moisten thoroughly. Slice two medium size tomatoes and arrange on lettuce leaves, and spread tomatoes with parsley and onion mixture.

WYNNE SPECIAL:
1 cup grated raw carrot
½ cup finely minced celery
½ head lettuce, shredded
¼ cup grated unpared radishes
¼ cup chopped parsley

Mix together the grated and minced vegetables, moisten with a little French dressing, arrange on a bed of shredded lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

TURNIP SALAD: Select small tender turnips, mild radishes, Bermuda or Spanish onion, parsley and crisp lettuce. Wash the turnips and grate ½ cup. Wash radishes and without paring grate ¼ cup. Mix with ¼ cup chopped onion and 4 tablespoons chopped parsley. Arrange on beds of lettuce and serve with real mayonnaise or French dressing.



Here are other vegetable salad combinations that Miss Gibson recommends:

Grated raw carrots, diced celery, raisins on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Red cabbage, celery, onion and parsley with French dressing.

Diced cooked potatoes, chopped raw cabbage and onions in green pepper cups.

Chopped cucumbers, and minced watercress with mayonnaise in tomato cups.

Shredded green pepper, chopped pimiento, minced celery and olives.

Green pepper, cabbage, carrots and sweet pickles.

Raw cucumbers, diced cooked beets, chopped sweet pickles.

Shredded romaine and endives with diced cucumbers in tomato cups.

Chopped celery, chopped figs and chopped nuts on lettuce with mayonnaise.

There's endless variety in the flavor of fresh raw vegetables



The makings of Miss Gibson's favorite salads



Awake the
SLEEPING BEAUTY
in Your Hair

BRING out the lovely natural lustre that slumbers in YOUR hair—the soft natural beauty that waits to be wakened by THE SHAMPOO that Cleanses Perfectly, then Rinses Completely—Marchand's Castile Shampoo!

This wonderful beauty-awakening shampoo leaves the hair shining clean, aglow with little natural highlights. The texture of the hair is made soft, caressable—because THIS shampoo cleanses Perfectly, then Rinses Completely.

Easy to Re-Arrange your Hair

After shampooing with the New Marchand's Castile Shampoo—hair is left exceptionally manageable. A pat here and there—and your hair is nicely arranged again!

Use Marchand's Castile Shampoo to cleanse all shades of hair. It has positively no lightening effect, it does not change the color of the hair. But it does bring out the natural lustre and beauty of hair through its New superior cleansing and rinsing action.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo is made with selected high grade olive oils. Remember, olive oil is good for scalp and hair—particularly for those who suffer from dryness and dandruff. Men should avoid using ordinary soaps on their hair—and change to this fine product—made to benefit hair as well as to cleanse it.

You use a smaller amount each time—therefore, you get more shampoos per bottle. Ask at your favorite drug counter for

MARCHAND'S
CASTILE SHAMPOO

To Cleanse All Shades of Hair
Does Not Lighten Hair.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST—OR TO GET BY MAIL T-G 235

Fill out this coupon, send with 35c in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

35c enclosed—Please send SHAMPOO to

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... State.....

Why I'd Hate to be a Movie Star

(*Continued from page* 44)

scrubbing floors in an office building. But I should mind scrubbing floors at the age of thirty if, at the age of twenty-nine, I had been billed on illuminated signboards from coast to coast as "America's Dream Lover."

What can a star do to make a living, once he's through in pictures? Nothing he can ever do again will be tops. His past will always dim his future. Besides which, a star spends the very years when he might be learning how to make an honest living groaning "I love you, I love you, I love you" in front of three cameras, a collection of prop boys, and anybody else in the studio who doesn't happen to be working at the moment.

By the time the public gets tired of hearing him say "I love you" it's too late for him to learn to be a track-walker or a stenographer. From then on he's just plain, unskilled labor—with a glamorous past, maybe, but unskilled labor just the same. He can't even make a living painting artificial daisies on fly-poison cans.

Nor should I enjoy, during those precious five years, spending sleepless nights worrying, worrying, worrying. Worrying whether my contract would be renewed. Worrying about political enemies in the front office. Worrying about rival stars. Worrying about publicity, salary, bills, my unenviable future, staying at the top of the heap.

I should hate to sign autograph books. I'd know that the eager autograph hunters didn't really give a darn about me personally.

I shouldn't enjoy having fans write in for my photographs and then use them to tack up over the spot on the wall where the rain came in. Or to draw mustaches on.

If I were a star, any manufacturing company in America could buy my face to advertise its product, if it paid the studio enough. And the money would go to the studio, not me.

"Jack Jamison, cute child star of Awful Pictures, drives the Little Mattie Steam Roller. Have You A Little Mattie in Your Bedroom?"

No, I have not a Little Mattie in my bedroom. I don't want a Little Mattie in my bedroom. Even to be a star, I will not have a Little Mattie snorting around my bedroom squashing the furniture. Not for six thousand dollars a week!

I should hate to slave from five in the morning till twelve at night for six weeks or longer on a picture, giving it everything I had, and then have every critic in New York say I was a ham who ought to go back to street-cleaning. Of course it would be true. I *would* give a bad performance, because I was never cut out for an actor in the first place. And I *would* be a lot better off, back pushing my little trolley-wagon down the street looking for tinfoil or anything else lying around. But it would hurt to hear it, just the same.

I should hate to have royalty and famous people come to Hollywood and live with me for months as my guests and then go away, chuckling, to tell their titled friends back home that I was just too, too laughable—a little child of the slums trying to feel at home among my fifty servants and my twenty Rolls-Royces.

I should hate to have to live up to the characterizations of my pictures. Always cute, if I were an ingenue. Always tough, if I were a he-man. Always funny, if I were a comedian.

Most of all, I'd hate to kiss babies. I'd *hate* to be a star!

A touch of **HANDS**—
A change of **HEART!**



If you were a man, could you get a thrill out of touching a dry, chapped hand? You know you couldn't—it's the dear-little-smooth-little hand that gives *him* a romantic feeling. . . .

This winter, keep your hands thrillingly smooth! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will help you. Hinds *soaks* the skin with rich soothing oils—quickly restores velvety texture! This is because Hinds is more than a "jelly." It is the *penetrating* liquid cream—it lubricates deeply with quick-working balms.

As fragrant . . . rich . . . as the liquid creams costing $2 at expensive beauty salons. But Hinds costs only 50¢ and 25¢ at your druggist, or 10¢ at the dime store.

Hinds
Honey and Almond Cream



DON'T CHEAT YOUR BABY OF VITAMINS

Tests reveal that ordinary home-cooked, home-strained vegetables lose much of their vitamin content



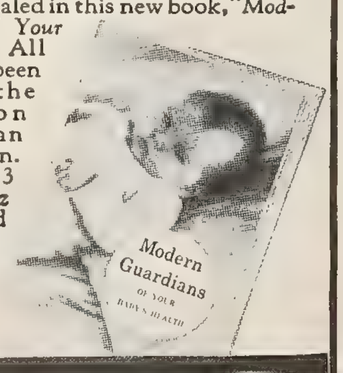
OF COURSE your baby's health well repays you for the time you spend cooking and straining vegetables for him. But there is a better way—a way to assure far higher vitamin content and to do away with tedious preparation.

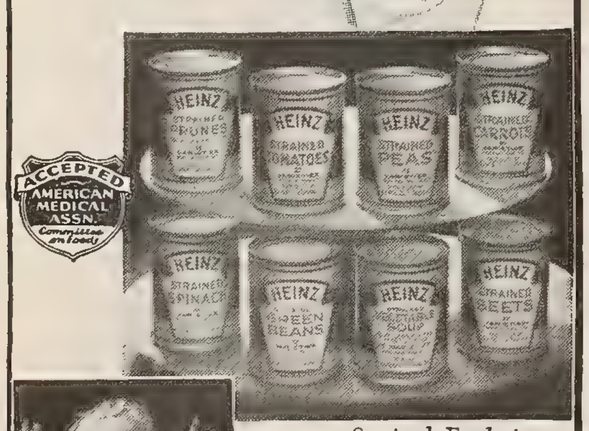
Heinz vegetables are prepared *hours* instead of days after being harvested. Each day before being cooked dissipates vitamin content. These really fresh vegetables are cooked and strained without exposure to vitamin-destroying air—then vacuum-packed into enamel-lined tins.

Test after test proves that in Heinz Strained Foods, *vitamins and mineral salts are retained to a far higher degree* than is possible with ordinary home methods.

Try three or four varieties of Heinz Strained Foods. Do away with tedious preparation. And, more important, be assured that your baby is getting an abundant, uniform quota of precious vitamins and minerals.

SEND FOR THIS VITAL BOOK—New, valuable facts about vitamins and minerals in infant diet are revealed in this new book, "*Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health*". All facts in it have been accepted by the Committee on Foods, American MedicalAssociation. Send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents to H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. TG202, Pittsburgh, Pa.







Heinz Strained Foods include 8 varieties—Strained Vegetable Soup, Peas, Green Beans, Spinach, Tomatoes, Carrots, Beets and Prunes

HEINZ

STRAINED FOODS

A Group of the 57 Varieties

Royal Squabbles of the Movie Queens

(*Continued from page 38*)

returned from abroad the ship reporters asked her what she thought of Mae West fashions. You will recall she said: "And who is Mae West?" For a time Hollywood was breathless. Miss West is calm, collected and self-assured. She apparently didn't hear. Fight fans laid money she was just playing for time. Then the inevitable face-to-face occurred. No assassination. Marlene offered the old royal alibi, "misquoted." Heck, said everyone.

HOLLYWOOD males have never been militant. Not over screen prestige anyhow. They still sock one another at parties in defense of a lady's honor. On the whole, though, the rugged individualism of pioneer filmland, when even ladies packed guns, has succumbed to white tie regimentation, and if you want to get along socially you'd do well to follow Max Baer's example and buck up on Emily Post. A guy that wears a sweat shirt to a salon these days is rated a show-off—or "poseur" as we say in our salons.

Hollywood, like any other rich town, finds relief in social skirmishes. For years Pickfair ruled the peerage and Mary's prestige was considered as unassailable as the late dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt's. Following a triumphal tour of the courts of Europe, Madame and Monsieur Fairbanks were the official hosts of noblemen.

Then Marion Davies came West and the course of nobility was deflected to the Georgian mansion flying the biggest flag on the Pacific Coast. To the Davies court went princes, statesmen, artists and finally George Bernard Shaw.

Miss Davies' parties excel others in originality and gaiety, and they are widely democratic. Indeed, I recall a masque ball at which Miss Davies even invited Los Angeles society, along with the Hollywood hosts. Late in the doings two youths altercated loudly, peeled off their coats and retired to have it out. Greatly agitated, Miss Davies exclaimed: "That's what you get for inviting society!"

Since Norma Shearer's marriage to Irving Thalberg, the star-making maestro of M-G-M, she has acquired the title of First Lady of Hollywood and her mansion near Miss Davies' on the Santa Monica sands is arbiter of elegance. It is her position in the studio, however, that is regarded with envy. As the wife of *Il Capo* she is naturally considered the favorite of fortune, and fortune to a star means stories. Tactfully, Mrs. Thalberg refrained from any outward show. She exercised no royal prerogatives in the way of acquiring a dressing bungalow, although Miss Davies had one more sumptuous than the petit Trianon and the first two-storied dressing "bungalow" in Hollywood. When John Gilbert was the white-haired boy at the box-office, one of slightly less regality was erected for him. Cecil B. DeMille was given another castle, and there is a dining bungalow for executives. Miss Garbo has remained in the barracks, and Miss Shearer has also to date, anxious not to upset the delicate balance of power among studio royalty. With extraordinary tact, blessed in a miraculous memory for names and appointments, invested with more charm and with more wit than she has managed to convey to the screen, she has astutely maintained good will.

Oddly, Miss Davies, through similar gifts of diplomacy, combined with generosity and warmth of personality, has escaped outward jealousy while enjoying luxurious favors. Her bungalow—actually a spacious dwelling of many rooms—was an open house. She likes people around her all the time, especially favoring those who can make for laughter and general merriment. Miss Garbo's set is guarded and silent like a hard-working artist's atelier. Miss Shearer's set is business-like, of pleasant but quiet tone. Marion's was distinctly good time, with quips and pranks and wanton wiles. In this respect it resembled the old-time studios of Hollywood, when picture-making was more or less play and no one worried much.

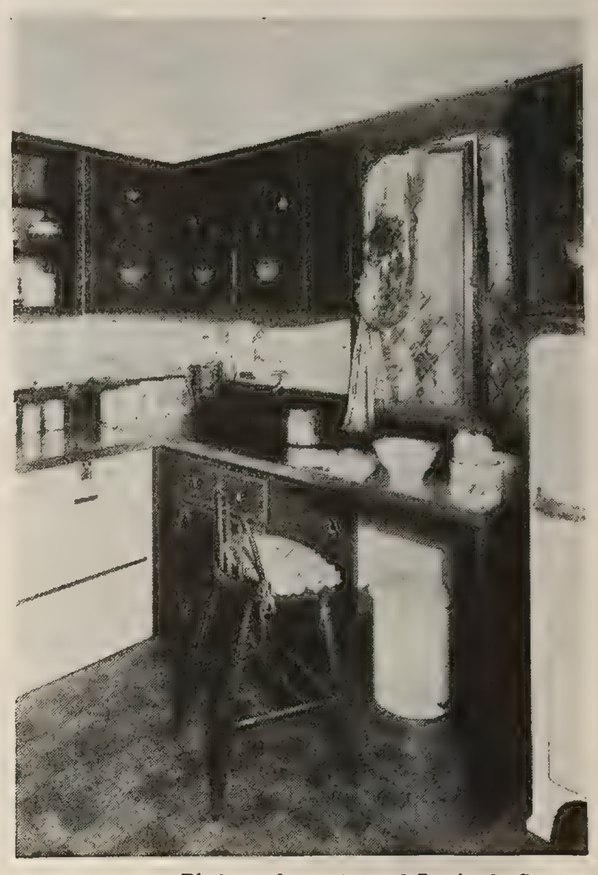
I lunched with Miss Davies one day when a famous writer came to ask a favor. The latter had quarreled with the studio chiefs and wanted Marion to act as intercessor. "I don't see why I have to patch up everyone's fights," Marion sighed. "I've never had a word with anyone on this lot. Why do people fight? You never gain anything fighting." At that time she informed me that she liked M-G-M better than her New York Cosmopolitan studio where she worked in the beginning. "And that's saying all I can because I loved that gang." Hence I see her farewell proclamation of love and good will as something more than a diplomatic gesture.

THE way I feel about the two royal ladies is that they, like Marie Antoinette, are innocent figures in this world-shaking conflict; of course, they have royal ambitions, and a queen must think of her fans before herself. Otherwise the day will come when the throne will not be there when she sits down.

The personal charm of the Davies has never been fully translated to the screen. Neither has the Shearer's. They are more remarkable as women than actresses. (Am I the intercessor?) Far be it from me to say which should play Marie Antoinette. I shall grieve equally at the beheading of both. And I think the French Queen is getting a big break. If she had been as tactful, sympathetic and wise as these royal ladies, the French Revolution would have been as bloodless as this one in Hollywood. Further proof that Hollywood has it all over Europe in everything, including royalty.

Join the Peoples' Academy by sending your votes on the twelve outstanding motion picture achievements of the year. See page 42 of this issue for further details regarding the free trip which we offer our readers.

Dress Up your kitchen



Photograph courtesy of Lewis & Conger

7 diagram patterns for 15¢ bring beauty and charm to the kitchen

Just between us women, isn't a kitchen a much pleasanter place to be in when it boasts a few gay spots . . . new curtains, a pot of flowers, colored canisters! You'll enjoy making these attractive kitchen accessories below from diagram patterns, each one with complete directions.

CURTAIN PATTERN

To be made from scrim and checked gingham. With this are directions for making checked flower pot holders to match. Very decorative.

CROCHETED STOOL COVER

It's easy to make a crocheted stool cover and a matching floor mat from heavy white and colored cotton thread! Directions tell you how.

COLORED CANISTERS

Empty tin containers can be transformed into good-looking, serviceable canisters with the aid of waterproof paint and simple stencils.

LETTUCE BAGS

Unbleached muslin decorated with designs in colored cotton. Useful and good-looking.

TABLE PADS

No scarred tables when bone rings are made into table pads with a good-looking crocheted body.

OILCLOTH CASE

A necessary convenience for memo pads, pencils and sales slips. A clever "dummy" prize.

TWINE HOLDER

You'll never be without a ball of twine in a handy place when you have this wall holder.

Send for these diagram patterns today . . . all seven for 15 cents

Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.



A famous doctor says: "Ambrosia not only cleanses thoroughly and deeply, but is antiseptic, healing and tonic. It reduces large pores."

.....LARGE PORES.....

DON'T suffer another minute with large pores and blackheads. Use Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, three times a day. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Using Ambrosia is like putting your skin on a liquid diet. There's nothing to clog or coarsen pores. In as little as three days blackheads begin to go, complexions are clearer and smoother.

If skin is oily, sallow, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. It lessens oiliness, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates.

If skin is dry, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Cream. It is the only cream that's practically identical with skin oil. Ends dryness, smooths lines. 75¢ each at all drug and department stores. In smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.

AMBRŌSIA

THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestion, now put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster and find the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.

The beauty about Allcock's Porous Plaster is its nice glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws the blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No dosing when you use Allcock's Porous Plaster. No fuss or muss, either. Allcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S 25c.

MAKES IRONING EASY

TRY THIS FREE

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.



THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 797, Keokuk, Ia.

Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....



DIET PROBLEMS of THE STARS

Conducted by DR. HENRY KATZ

ONE of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S readers brings up this question about beautiful teeth seen on the screen:

"I have noticed in the pictures that actors and actresses in Hollywood all have gleaming white teeth. I have been told that this is because people in that part of California eat so much fresh fruit. Is this really the explanation? And would eating lots of fruit be good for my teeth? If not, I would like to know what they do to make their teeth so white."

Eating plenty of good fresh fruit is a good thing, but it does not make the teeth of movie stars white or glistening. Individuals with exceptionally poor teeth do not get into the movies unless the defects are the sort that can be remedied by expert dental work. Moreover, actors and actresses in Hollywood have the advantage of the constant attention of the best dentists, who keep their teeth in good repair. And the stars themselves unquestionably are more conscientious about caring for their own teeth than the average individual.

That is undoubtedly the only sure way to keep the teeth in best condition—to look after them with utmost care. But a diet that keeps the body in good condition is of course good for the teeth.

This question of fruit, cooked and raw, brings another question:

"I have always considered stewed prunes a most wholesome fruit to serve at breakfast. Is there any truth in the statement that they are acid forming?"

Stewed prunes are excellent at breakfast and as a dessert. They are tasty and act as mild laxatives and they contain much nourishment. There is no basis for the opinion that they might form acid in the system.

This new department in NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is conducted by Dr. Henry Katz, experienced general practitioner and member of the staff of Fordham Pediatric Clinic, New York. If you would like expert advice about any questions of food or diet, send them to Mary Marshall, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dr. Katz will personally direct the answer to your problem unless it is one that calls for advice of your family physician. Questions and answers of special interest will be published—with senders' names omitted—in this department, except where special request is made not to have the answer used in this way. Letters should enclose stamp, or stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Amazing New Way

to beautify yourself almost instantly

Nose too large, too small? Face too narrow, too round?

Chin too prominent, too weak?

Which face is yours?



ROUND
Mold a *darker* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.

TRIANGULAR
Mold a *lighter* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.

SQUARE
Darker shading should be done on the lower jaws and on sides of forehead.

NORMAL
Use only the *one* shade of Soft-tone that matches your skin coloring.

How to bring out your best features

How to "Shadow" your handicaps

NOW comes a scientific discovery of vast importance to women, the greatest step in modern make-up.

. . . A way so simple, so practical that you'll be amazed . . . A way that costs so little that you'll be delighted. No plastic surgery. No long, costly treatments.

This wonderful discovery is called Mello-glo Modeling, a new and exclusive way to apply face powders . . . now instead of using only one shade of powder, you get an utterly changed, alluring effect by using *two* different, related shades.

Authentic charts and diagrams, based on practices of artists and sculptors, show you exactly what to do, how to do it. Now you can model your face as you wish, highlighting your best features, subduing your handicaps. The results are truly satisfying.

EXCLUSIVE

Mello-glo Modeling is made possible by the creation of a completely new face powder called Soft-tone Mello-glo, a super-powder that permits two-shade modeling never before possible. Now the shades blend together perfectly because Mello-glo is *stratified*, that is, rolled into tiny, clinging wafers. Hence Mello-glo Modeling can be achieved only with Soft-tone Mello-glo — not with ordinary powders.

This revolutionary contribution—worked out after years of research and experiment—is offered by the staff of Mello-glo experts, and approved by all leading beauty specialists and consultants. It is today's sensation in beauty circles.

Once you try Mello-glo Modeling, you'll agree that it creates wonderful effects. Here's how to prove it. Buy one box of the shade that matches your complexion in general. Then buy another box—*lighter* if you wish to accent certain features, *darker*, if you want to shadow them.

For instance, if your nose is too small, and therefore needs accent, use a lighter Mello-glo powder than on the rest of your face—if your nose is too prominent and needs to be subdued, use a darker shade.

Then stand off 5 feet from your mirror and note the artistic effect — how the shades blend unnoticeably yet give that artistic oval effect.

Try the various Mello-glo Modelings — how to widen or narrow your face, how to bring out or shadow features, how to normalize your contour, how to create new interest. The whole fascinating, easy method of Mello-glo Modeling is told in our free booklet, "The New Vogue in Powdering." Don't wait, send for a copy *NOW*.

Then try Mello-glo Modeling—introductory packages of the new Soft-tone Mello-glo Powder may be had at all 10c counters. Buy your two needed shades. For only 20c you can glorify your face, your features, as never before.

© 1935—The Mello-glo Co.

new SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO

the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS

Merely send Coupon for fascinating booklet: "The New Vogue in Powdering". FREE

The Mello-glo Co., Boston, Mass. T. M. 2-35

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh Pink ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.



"What! you can put these lovely TABLE DISHES in the OVEN?"

YES, these gay OvenServe table dishes are actually made so you can bake in them.

You can bake meat dishes, for instance, on the very platters or serving dishes you use on the table. Puddings, pies and creamed dishes, scalloped vegetables, anything you wish, can be baked in these dishes. And then popped right from oven to table. Even the cups, saucers and plates are built to stand oven heat. It's something new in table dishes!

Saves a lot of work in serving, of course. Saves on dishwashing, too, for it cuts out all the pots and pans. Then, the dishes themselves are easy to wash because they have a high glaze that nothing sticks to.

Notice also their convenient shapes and sizes . . . handy for parking left-overs in the refrigerator.

Cost? Very low. And you can buy them by the piece and fill in as you need them.

TRY THIS RECIPE FOR COTTAGE PIE—Cover bottom of one of the deep oval OvenServe serving dishes with mashed potatoes, add small pieces of cut left-over roast beef well seasoned with salt, pepper and minced onion, and moistened with some gravy. (Bouillon cube dissolved in hot water is good in place of gravy.) Cover with layer of mashed potatoes and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) long enough to heat and brown. Lift Cottage Pie in same dish to table.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

The Most Uninteresting Man in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 24*)

screen, instead of just a series of comedy gags, but Lloyd knew what he wanted and was willing to take a chance. The latter comedy still ranks as one of his greatest successes and one of the truly memorable fun-fests in screen history.

Roach grew as a producer, and finally had so many companies in his own studio that he persuaded Lloyd to form his own unit organization. On his own, then, the comedian turned out such hits as "The Freshman," "Safety Last," "Kid Brother" and "Girl Shy." He readily adapted himself and his productions to the talkies, and when they took hold while he was producing "Welcome Danger," he about-faced and re-made most of the picture in sound, with the result it was an outstanding comedy achievement. Following, came "Feet First," "Movie Crazy" and now, "The Cat's Paw."

"The Cat's Paw," his latest screen offering, and hailed as one of his best pictures, marks a new type of comedy for Harold Lloyd. The feature is his first pictorial endeavor with a story from the pen of a recognized author, and a distinct departure from the style of comedy which won him world-wide acclaim. Instead of depending upon gags and situations, as formerly, in "The Cat's Paw" a well-defined plot and story are unfolded to hold the audience, with gags interpolated only when they occur in the natural course of events.

With his transition in the line of story, Lloyd stands at the turning point of his career. Possibly I should say, he is embarking upon a new career. He feels that the old type of comedy is doomed, and should he insist upon following his original formula he will lose both caste and popularity. For that reason, he is starting a new deal for himself (even a millionaire has that privilege) and henceforth will offer only productions which have some very definite plot for substance.

On the threshold, as it were, of a new professional life, Lloyd must necessarily adapt himself anew to the changing of the times. His action in abandoning gag-and-situation comedy for the plotted narrative is his most radical step since he progressed from three-reelers to features. At forty, at the very peak of fame and success, he is initiating a complete conversion of policy in his pictures and is looking forward with a keen anticipation to how motion picture audiences will react. At forty, Lloyd is moving very much along with the times, and since the public demands new standards of entertainment he plans to satisfy that demand in a fashion leaving nothing to be desired.

Considered by many the most fortunate man in the film colony, a perusal of his standard of living seems to bear out the truth of that belief. It must be remembered, however, that Lloyd earned everything he possesses now—and the position he occupies in motion pictures—only as a result of years of laborious struggling . . . years, early in his career, that seemed to offer but small promise of bearing fruit. As a beginner, he knew hardship and despondency—although at no time did he actually go hungry—and there was a time, after the explosion of a bomb, that surgeons despaired of saving his vision. For months, he remained in a shuttered room, with bandages over his eyes, anxiously awaiting the outcome. Fortunately, he emerged from what might have been a tragic accident with his eyesight unimpaired.

Although the owner of halls that would have caused a robber baron to rub his eyes in amazement, Lloyd wanders about his vast estate entirely unconscious of his standing in the community. In all truth, he is the squire of Beverly Hills. To visit his magnificent home, set high on a hill surrounded by sixteen acres of landscaped wonderland, is to realize that the ultimate in simplicity and grandeur has been reached.

Presiding over this establishment—as, indeed, it is, in every sense of the word—Lloyd accepts his responsibility with the same unconcern and absence of affectation that distinguishes all his actions. He entertains world-famous celebrities and prop men from the studio with equal courtesy and hospitality, and he is never so happy as when he can strip to the waist and engage in a strenuous game of handball or tennis with one of his studio gang. On his estate is a nine-hole golf course that champions declare one of the finest in the country. Where others might be pardoned in boastfully showing off their home, were they in Harold's shoes, Lloyd is reserved, so reticent that it is difficult at times to realize his being master and lord of the manor.

He and his wife live in quiet simplicity, along with their three children, Gloria, Peggy and Harold, Jr. Lloyd married his leading lady, Mildred Davis, in 1922, and about four years ago they adopted beautiful, round-eyed Peggy, to grow up with Gloria.

Occasionally, the Lloyds will stage a party . . . and everybody in Hollywood strives for an invitation.

You can generally find a news scribe or two lolling at his ease in the Lloyd den or down beside the enormous, magnificently-tiled swimming pool. Although these men, many of them known through their nation-wide syndicate columns in every city in the country, are Harold's friends, few of them mention the comedian in their daily Hollywood articles . . . for the reason that there is nothing to say. He has everything . . . yet his very existence is so uneventful, even though one of filmdom's greatest figures, that they cannot put their fingers on a single note to exploit.

It is a travesty on the laws of news-making, but the one man in Hollywood whose home is the showplace of Southern California, who enjoys the acclaim and affection of the entire world for the pleasure his pictures have given, whose income can be computed only by experts and whose rise to international renown is one of the greatest success stories ever revealed . . . it is he who can be described as the most uninteresting man in Hollywood.

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George Jean Nathan's Movie Favorites

(*Continued from page* 17)

sorship in the nearly-great "Doctor Monica," that unwieldy story that forced her into the role of a suicide to keep Kay Francis and Warren William together. Without doubt this was the sappiest yielding of movie producers to a false morality ever exploited on the screen. They forget that boys and girls are always with us and there is a thing called love.

It was nice that they redeemed her in that rare and worthy film, "As the Earth Turns," and even nicer, to discriminating auditors, to see her heroic efforts to redeem such trash as that industrialist film-story from Louis Bromberg's not-so-excellent yarn, "A Modern Hero."

Now I am aware that this commentary of mine has been critical rather than characterizing. But after all, they are Mr. Nathan's choices—not mine. Still I like to think he made any choice at all. There was a time, and it is not far away from any man's memory, that he would have thrown you out of his quarters had you mentioned the screen.

I am glad he has come from behind his curtain. Now with his new found screen interest he joins the common humanity of us all. He likes the art of Loretta, Jean and Sylvia. But what are they to him but shadows he is translating into women who love and suffer and triumph since so they do in their various roles? We all make this translation.

I talked with him once about New York and the old days in his living-room. It is a beautiful setting, his quarters, taking on, this day, an added glamour because of his reticence. The books, the drapes, the black-and-gold of its cushions harmonized to the obbligato of his words. He said:

"There is no more tradition, or at least the substance that was ours has gone. The dollar aristocracy is partly responsible for this. New York is unlike London and Continental centers. Here we admire and pay tribute to cheap men. The expression is half the time false; half the time a news head."

In this introspection may be the key to his conversion. What irony, finding the truth in Hollywood!

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NAME _____

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That Gay Girl Ginger

(*Continued from page 21*)

taller in the long white pajama coat. It is polka-dotted in black and just to be tricky the trousers are black polka-dotted in white.

"I went to bed at six this morning," she said, "and was up at ten." She didn't sound at all world-weary, but I confess that the six A.M. stuff worried me. I do it myself now and then, but when I had a career to think about, my mother, who was always with me, saw to it that I thought it best to do that sort only on very special occasions. I was mentally stroking my beard and about to go into my lecture. I was going to tell Ginger that a girl alone has to be very careful.

I was really working myself toward a snappy exit out of one of the twenty-seventh-story windows. Fortunately I never got to speak my piece. A door opened and a smiling lady entered. As she did so the titles secretary, older sister, companion, auntie and business manager flashed through my mind. Just why I, of all people, who know that fine mothers make sane girls, should not have credited Ginger with one, I'll never know, but when she said, "I want you to meet my mama," you could have knocked me over without the aid of that well-worn feather. This one (Ginger pulled her mother down beside her on Mrs. Waldorf's deep divan) is great copy herself. She's a writer, producer, and—

"I've always been a great admirer of yours, Miss Janis," said Mrs. Rogers, adding tact to her aforementioned qualities. "Ginger used to imitate you when she was a kiddie."

For some strange reason I always imagine these new stars drop from the edge of a rainbow. It never enters my calculations that they were just kids in towns all over this country when I and other luminaries were appearing in them "For One Night Only."

"Where did you ever see me?" I addressed the question to both and received simultaneous answers.

"In Forth Worth!" Mama was dramatic critic there!"

As a rule I spare my subjects the wheres, whys and whens of life, but these two smiling Rogers girls brought out the reporter in me. I'll make the results as snappy as possible for whatever the past holds their present is perfect; their future fascinating to conjure with. Ginger was born in Missouri. Where? I didn't ask. Missouri in itself explains why she can register "Show me!" so well. Raised in Fort Worth, Texas, where her mother became dramatic critic of the Fort Worth *Record*. Stepping jauntily from her "kiddie kar," Little Ginger went with mama to see all the shows. No "on the outside looking in" for that baby. On the inside looking up she watched and dreamed.

Mrs. Rogers put on charity performances between criticisms of professional ones. In these Ginger appeared with other amateur talent. About the best thing Ginger did was dance, so what could be more natural than for the nimblest of town steppers to win the Charleston contest which a local theater staged. With the prize went four weeks of personal appearances in the key cities of Texas. Mrs. Rogers must have been tired of criticizing. It's a wearisome job. Anyway, at the end of the four triumphal weeks, during which Ginger won practically everything from the key cities but their keys, Mrs. Rogers wired an agent in Chicago, "Ginger Rogers open after March 18th." The lady wrinkles her turned-up nose as she tells this and adds, "Open for what we didn't quite know." Neither did the agent, but the result was twenty-two weeks of vaudeville. Good-bye, Fort Worth—Hello, Broadway. It all seems so simple now. Several musical shows, the most notable being "Girl Crazy." As a sideline, Ginger made pictures for Paramount at Astoria, Long Island. The theater was going down—talkies were leaping up.

Mrs. Rogers' gal Ginger must be where the going is good! "Good-bye, Broadway—Hello, Hollywood! Don't you hear us? The Rogers girls? We said Hello, Hollywood!"

"But no one paid any attention to us," said Mrs. Rogers. Retrospection brushed the twinkle from her blue eyes for just a moment. "For six months we sat. All going out and nothing coming in. Then one day it happened—I didn't even ask how it happened. I know my cinematics. Someone met Ginger who had told her six months before that she would be a sensation in pictures and said, "Why, hello! When did you arrive?" It really doesn't matter now that Ginger's here, but one must resent that six months spent "vamping till ready" as all vaudeville acts used to do.

Ginger had stewed prunes and iced tea for lunch. Don't let her fool you. She had just finished a hearty breakfast when I arrived, but she had to keep me company.

We talked about the night spots of New York. I don't know them and I must say the Rogers girls sounded rather as if they would be glad to meet a bed socially at a regular bedtime again. We talked about football, or they did. They had seen the Fordham-Saint Mary's game. Did I say seen? I meant won. When Fordham took the California team for a touchdown practically before the girls got comfortably settled, they went into their own huddle and decided on prayers. Mrs. Rogers knows as much about football rules as Ginger knows about football heroes, which is decidedly something. Ginger is just a regular girl, after all, and still gets a kick out of being the favorite above all other screen sirens of a well-known college. I won't name it, but her efforts to coach the studio to allow her to remain in the East to be mascot of the team verged on heartbreak.

The phone rang every five minutes. There was no maid or secretary in evidence. Ginger did imitations of both. "Why don't your tell them downstairs not to disturb you?" I said.

"Well—er—we—"

"Don't tell me," I interrupted. "I know. Afraid of missing something?"

A mutual. "Yes!" They both grinned. Again I was reminded of Elsie and Mother in those dear days of newly acquired importance.

Ginger was caught between imitations by an ambitious furrier. Ginger was extremely patient as he roared sables and chinchilla into her ear. She told him sweetly that she was not interested. Finally, without a change of expression, she said quietly, *"I ain't interested in no furs.* Thanks!" Mr. Furrier will no doubt still be telling his great grandchildren about the bad grammar of Hollywood celebrities.

The New York Press was intent on digging into Ginger's love life and having read daily that she and Mr. Lew Ayers were "just good friends," I decided to do a Will Rogers and only know what I read in the papers but I could have spilled a bean or so by telling about a telegram which arrived while we were in the midst of our football game and scored a decided touchdown. The light in Ginger's eyes as she

I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



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That Gay Girl Ginger

handed it to Mama would have made Plato hide his head and cry I know when I'm licked. We discussed the changing of names. Not the last one but the first.

What do you think of Ginger's name? Mrs. Rogers asked me.

I had thought a lot about it oddly enough. She plays in a musical comedy one month with Fred Astaire. The next picture is a straight comedy with Francis Lederer. So far, so good. Ginger as a name is fine as long as you say it with a smile, but if Carrot Top should suddenly develop dramatic tendencies, then—Oh, well, why worry about it yet? At time of going to press she is just a swell gal who likes her job and wants to do what the public demands. Her real name is Virginia and she does not like it, so having no better suggestion I advised not caring what the public called her as long as it called. I hope it will be calling longer and louder from now on because Ginger is so typically American. I'm a great booster for foreign stars, but I like to see America head the box-office parade in America just as they do in the foreign countries. Pussy! Pussy! Look out, you're putting your foot in your milk! I don't know Mr. Lew Ayers, but I'm sure he must be the right one since both the girls chose him. Frankly I'm sorry the sister act broke up before the elder Rogers had seen Ginger just where she wanted her to be professionally. She is so wise, that Mama. She knows there is a lot to be done yet. Arriving is one thing. Remaining is another. Mrs. Rogers had some very sound ideas about Ginger's career, but if there is one thing that can cut in on a perfectly sound idea it is love. Ginger's happiness came first and I hope it will endure until the last. After all, sister acts are pretty well out of vogue and trios are the rage. If Mr. Lew Ayers is content to "play straight" the act will be O.K., but I wouldn't like to get caught between a cross patter of those Rogers gals. I'm sure the bridegroom won't. Mrs. Rogers gave up being a critic to make Ginger a successful star—I'm certain there is nothing she will not sacrifice to see her a happy wife. So here's to you, Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayers. If you have any doubts about anything ask Mama. If you haven't, ask her, anyway. She'll have an answer.

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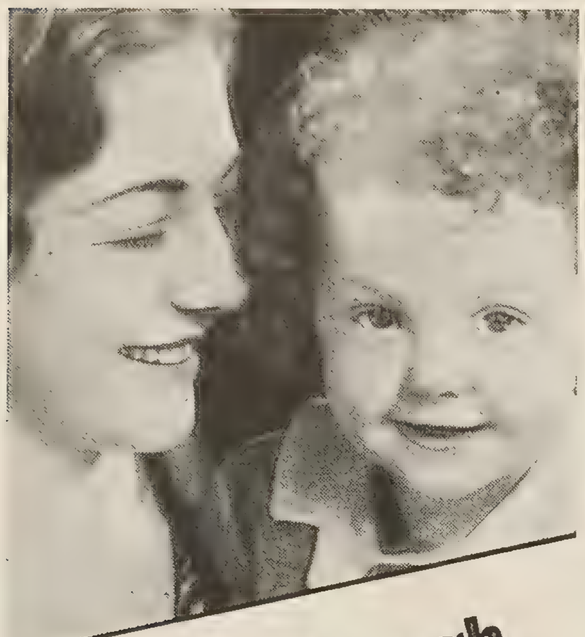
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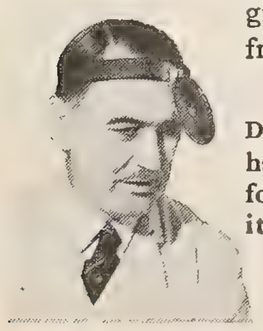


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Color Magic on the Screen

(*Continued from page 25*)

But this is actually not the case.

Reproduction of color is obtained through the use of vari-colored strips of negative and filters, which screen out some colors as the ray of light enters the lens and pass others along, all within the camera itself. The three-color cameras are like no others ever devised. There are as yet only nine such cameras in existence, and each takes five months to construct and costs $15,000. Technicolor owns them all and rents them, along with its own color cameramen, to producers.

So much for the mechanics of this revolutionary addition to screen entertainment. Now what of the human genius behind it? Not the genius which devises the camera which makes it possible to bring color to the screen, but that genius which directs its application. Well, start hunting around and it won't be long before you hear the name of Robert Edmond Jones.

It was Jones who made "La Cucaracha." It was Jones who is now in Hollywood engaged in the making of "Becky Sharp," the full-length feature all in color.

To the movie-goer his name is unknown, but not so to the world of the legitimate theater. Since before the days of the World War, his has been a great name on the stage. He was studying the new stagecraft of Europe at Max Reinhardt's famous Berlin theater when the war broke out. On his return to America he inaugurated such radical departures in stage designing, costuming and color effects that he became in no time at all the outstanding man in his line. Since then he has designed the settings for more than sixty plays.

I wanted to talk with Jones; rather, I wanted to listen to him. I wanted to hear from his own lips how it happened in "La Cucaracha" that when the impresario (Paul Porcasi) became angry with the heroine (Steffi Duna) I could see the wave of color mounting to his apoplectic cheeks; how it was that the cloaks of the Spanish dancing men in the Mexican cantina were portrayed in breath-taking blue when blue never was photographed before; what he conceived to be the future of color on the screen; and a hundred answers to a hundred similar questions.

But Jones was a hard man to find. He had left Hollywood. He was in Central City, Col., staging the settings for "Othello" played by his brother-in-law, Walter Huston, during the great summer festival at that ghost mining camp. He was here, he was there. Finally he was in Europe. Then, suddenly, here he was back in his Park Avenue apartment in New York one night—for one night only, though—between arrival by steamer and departure by train for Hollywood.

He talked, striding back and forth across the living-room. Night had come; beyond the open windows gleamed the lighted towers of Manhattan, through them came the muted diapason of the great city. There was tremendous force abroad out there—and somehow the best of it seemed concentrated in this striking six-footer with the dark, thick, unruly hair and the deep brown eyes so arrestingly alive behind his glasses.

"You want to know about color," he said suddenly, as he moved back and forth, seemingly unable to sit still, "and what it can do for the movies. Well, think this over. There is a difference between a painting by Rembrandt and a colored postcard, isn't there? Any dub can see it. You needn't be a student of painting to realize that such a difference exists. But—what is it? I'll tell you. It's a difference in feeling."

Feeling, he wondered aloud, what was it? And he concluded it was the mood created within you by what your senses observed.

"In this case," he tossed out jerkily, "it's the mood created by what you see. A moonlight night or being in love arouse emotions, create feeling. But an Easter egg postcard doesn't create feeling; no, never. So when I made 'Cucarucha' I determined I wasn't going to make just another colored picture, but a painting, a real painting, a picture which would arouse feeling.

"A color picture isn't the same thing as a black-and-white picture in color. The whole designing and photographing of the picture have to be planned from the beginning in relation to the color.

"But I found they'd grown up in black and white in Hollywood. Just to give you a point, the actors would put on heavy make-up, as if for black and white, when as a matter of fact the color photography demands make-up be considerably lighter. Before making a beginning on "Cucaracha" I knocked around the Hollywood studios for a month. I asked them to show me everything they were doing in color photography. Frankly, I was amazed.

"But, look here," I used to protest, "why do you throw those regular white lights on your actors and settings? This is color work, not black and white. Why don't you use colored lights?"

He threw back his head and laughed abruptly. "They thought I was crazy. They wanted to know why I thought they should use colored lights when the negative was going to appear in colors, anyway. They thought I was a nut.

"Do you follow me?" he asked. "They were using the same brilliant white lights as for black and white, whereas I thought they should use amber lights and blue lights and green lights, all kinds of colored lights to get in actual appearance before photographing a scene the kind of effect I wanted the film to produce.

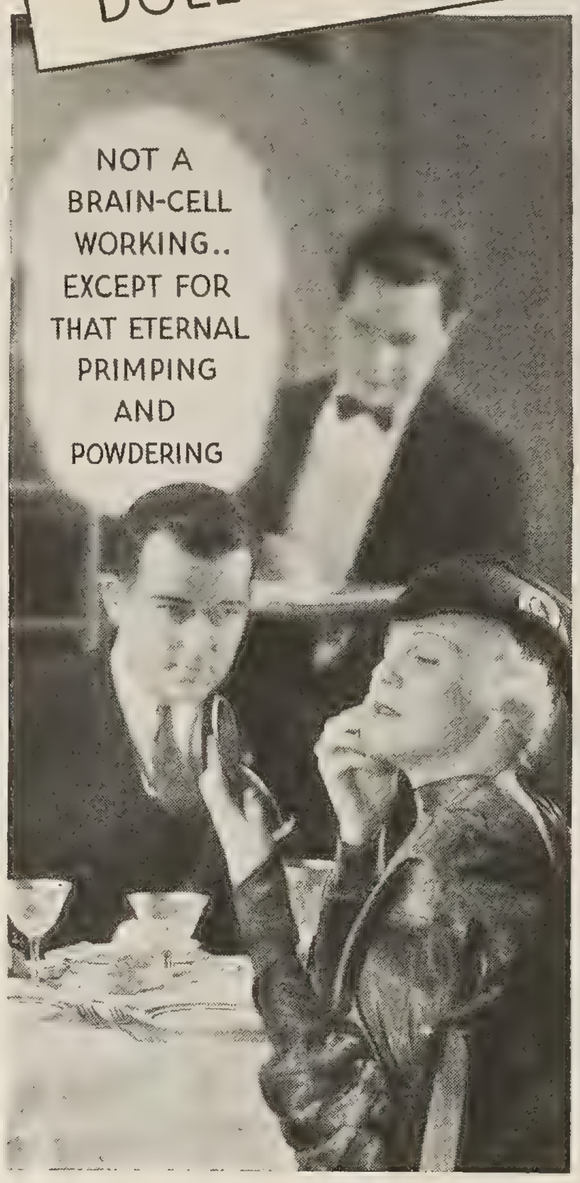
"They couldn't see it, some of those Hollywood executives. But, anyhow, it was apparent to me that in shifting over from the making of pictures in black and white to the making of pictures in color, a complete change in thinking and a brand-new technique were both necessary."

He puffed furiously, exploding anew: "Take great poetry, drama, music—the masterpieces which stand out from the common things. Why do people recall them? What is it that makes them great? It's because a Rembrandt or a Titian or a Sir Joshua Reynolds has more feeling in it than a colored postcard; because a strain of lofty music has more feeling in it than a piece of jazz. That's why. Why do you remember Toscanini's conducting and forget that of other men? Feeling. That's why.

"So I said, 'To hell with white lights. We know on the stage the value of colored lights in creating feeling. If we want to put warmth in the heart, we use amber or gold lights. If we want to make a man's flesh creep, we use blue lights or green.' So then we got down to business and began to make 'Cucaracha.' And I used all kinds of colored lights to bring out an expression on an actor's face, subtle shadows in a room, and all those various shadings it is impossible to obtain with the single use of those ghastly white lights."

Before the actual making of "La Cucaracha," however, Jones explained, he and Kenneth MacGowan made color tests. MacGowan, with whom he had worked years before at the Province-

"ARTIFICIAL LITTLE DOLL" *he Thinks*



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FACE POWDER!

HOW many girls lose love because of that everlasting powder puff! To any sensitive, well-bred man, constant primping and powdering spells artificiality—a "common" type. Yet it's so often not ill-breeding but "nervous powdering"—the result of ordinary powders that don't cling and don't look right.

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Find out, as thousands of other women have, the amazing difference in Golden Peacock Face Powder. Not expensive—yet it contains two costly important advances. It is made with selected French ingredients—and every one of these ingredients is moisture-proof! Skin oils can't absorb it, leaving your face shiny. It can't mix with these oils or with perspiration to cake, or to clog and coarsen pores.

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Get a 50c box at any good drug or department store; or try the generous purse size—10c at any 5-and-10c store. Or send name and address, with 6 cents in stamps, to Golden Peacock, Inc., Paris, Tennessee, for generous size box sufficient for three weeks. Be sure to give your powder shade. Four ravishing tones, that bring out the finest features of your complexion.

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Face Powder

A suitor's ever on my arm when F-O polishes my charm



F-O polish does not crack or peel . . . is made in five lovely shades . . . retains its original charming color until removed . . .

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Reinforcement Prevents Easy Breakage. Properly fitted, prevent detection and irritation. . . LOWER PRICE!

We send an assortment by mail to select from in your home. No security required. Over 100,000 eyes on hand so we can suit anyone. Largest stock on earth. Over a quarter of a century in business. Eyes blown to order. Send us the name of any one you know that wears an eye, for free booklet that explains all about how we fit by mail around the world. This ad may not appear again, so do it NOW, and save money and trouble.

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Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Color Magic on the Screen

town Theater in the production of Eugene O'Neil's early plays, was his producer. Behind both of them stood John (Jock) Hay Whitney, president of Pioneer Pictures, backing them up, ready to do a real job of color pioneering.

Hollywood's literate loyally supported Jones, too. There was, for instance, John Barrymore. Years ago Jones had made the settings for Barrymore's historic Broadway production of "Macbeth," settings still remembered, for they carried abstract suggestion to what was perhaps the farthest point ever reached. So when Jones was sounding off his theories about colored lights in the making of colored movies, Barrymore again donned the costume and role of Macbeth for two ten-minute film studies in color.

"Here," said Jones, telling about it, "here. Look at these."

He rummaged around in a tin of film and brought forth several strips of negative which he held against a strong light. They showed Barrymore in the role of the melancholy Dane. Small though they were, the films seemed instinct with life.

"The colored lights," said Jones, "aided Jack's marvelous histrionic abilities. He was even better, all these years after, than he had been on the stage, though that was good enough for any man's money."

To Barrymore and others the tests proved conclusively that Jones was a man who knew what he was about and was not merely fumbling in the dark. To others, however—and Jones exploded! "They'd affect a connoisseur's manner and say, 'What lovely sweat your lights bring out on a man's forehead. I never saw such sweat.'

"Make me sick," said Jones. "Pretenders. Well, if they want sweat, I'll give 'em sweat." He looked cryptic, then laughed. "Oh, hell, what's the difference!"

He made an amazing statement as he sobered. "Every single scene, every single shift in groupings, I drew beforehand. Here." He tossed sheets of paper about, and triumphantly held up little sketches in colored crayons, each three by four inches, which visualized the changing sequences of a scene.

"I did this sort of thing," he said, "before ever launching into production. When I was through, we had the whole play, right there in my sketch book. It enabled the other fellows and me to go through it and study it and, whenever we would hit a spot which seemed dull in color or lacking in pictorial interest, we could brighten it up, maybe get in some strident color contrasts.

"One thing," he concluded, "that is vital to color photography is color harmony. It's like this: suppose I sing one song and you sing another, can we call it a duet? Of course not. But some people in Hollywood think that so long as a film is colored, that's all that is required. They'll get over it, however; they'll learn. Why, I've seen some color films that were battles royal. Every color fought with every other.

"When color pictures really become good," he prophesied, "they'll be like paintings by Whistler—restrained. Meanwhile, we're moving and learning."

And color pictures are moving along, too. If you don't see them in your neighborhood movie tomorrow—well, it won't be long. Color—real color, such as you have never seen before—has come to the screen.

YOUR *Eyes*

SHOULD BE YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

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Maybelline Eyelash Darkener
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.



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delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
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Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



No woman looks her best when her eyes are blank and inexpressive in appearance. Scant, pale lashes, bald-looking eyelids, and unkempt eyebrows ruin otherwise beautiful features, while attractive eyes will make even plain women appear charmingly lovely.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara will make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new and more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

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WHEN a bad cold gets you down, just rub on Vicks VapoRub. It fights a cold *direct—two ways at once.* Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath *direct* to the inflamed air-passages of head, throat, and bronchial tubes. This combined action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

Follow daytime treatments with an application at bedtime—to receive the benefit of its effective two-way medication through the night. Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.



To Help *Prevent* Colds

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

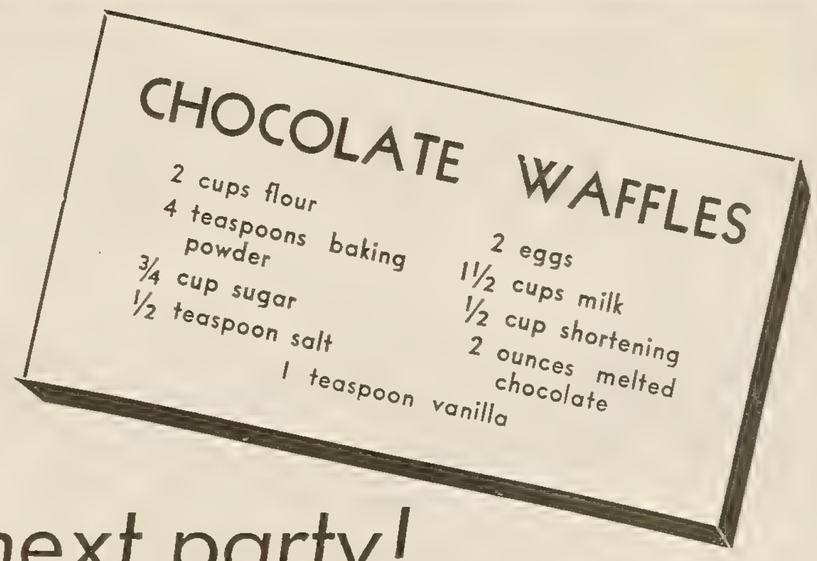
for nose and throat

Quick!—At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril. Timely use of Va-tro-nol helps to prevent many colds, and to throw off other colds in their early stages.

For Greater Freedom from Colds. Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Va-tro-nol—twin aids to *fewer* and *shorter* colds—give you the basic medication of Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds—clinically tested by practicing physicians and further proved in everyday home use by millions. (You'll find full details of this unique Plan in each Vicks package.)

Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL of COLDS

TRY THIS ONE



on your next party!

To make the Chocolate Waffles above, sift the dry ingredients together. Separate eggs. Beat yolks and add milk. Stir into the dry ingredients. Melt shortening and chocolate. Add to mixture when cooled. Then add vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

That is one of the delicious recipes you'll find in this helpful guide, "Successful Party Refreshments." Perhaps you'd rather serve a shrimp rarebit sandwich or fruit salad and toasted cheese puffs. But whether it's a canape and tea affair . . . or a more elaborate party calling for one and two-course menus, you'll find delightful suggestions in this party circular.

Now is the time for parties. Be prepared to entertain successfully. Upon receipt of your letter and ten cents we will immediately send you "Successful Party Refreshments."

RITA CALHOUN
TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 36)

costume which he purchased in that country, kept their identity a secret the longest, wearing their masks until somebody snatched them off.

Tom Brown was a wild west cowboy, Tiffany Thayer, the novelist, was a French priest; Al Rogell was a cowboy with a gun—which he shot off every so often to everybody's consternation; Inez Courtney wore a green Eton suit and hat, very chic; Grant Withers came as is; Madelyn Doyle was a sweet Marguerite; Barbara Leonard was a Manchu princess; Anne Shirley, a Spanish vamp, and Henry Wilcoxon a Spanish grandee.

If Anita Louise, in New York, reads this, she may be assured she needn't worry a bit about Tom Brown, as he was merely nice to all the ladies, and not too nice to any particular one. His dad, by the way, came as "Mr. America."

THERE was quite an atmosphere of young love and romance about the party which Emanuel Cohen gave at the Cocoanut Grove.

Not only did Jack Oakie and Mary Brian appear together once more, not only were there the rubber-stamp romances, as when Mel Schauer brought Rosita Moreno, and Frances Drake was escorted by Richard Blumenthal, but there was a hint of fresh romance when Sylvia Sidney was accompanied by Mitchell Leisen, Gail Patrick came escorted by Dean Jagger, and Elissa Landi was squired by Jean Negulesco, and Katherine DeMille by Henry Wilcoxon.

One of the prize stories of the season was told at the party. Mae West told it on herself.

"I said to my maid one day," she related, "that if a certain man called, she was to say I was in my bath. She told him. And I found out about the rest of it later. It seems he called a second time and then again a third time. Each time my maid told him that I was in my bath.

"Finally he got mad and yelled, 'Well, maybe she's drowned by this time. Don't you think you'd better look?'"

And here's something. Marlene Dietrich spent half an hour talking with other young mothers at the party about her child and how she was raising her.

Speaking of young mothers, Sallie Eilers hasn't been going about at all since her baby was born, that is, until very lately. But she did appear at the parties given by Rosie Dolly and Emanuel Cohen. So she's making up for lost time.

ALICE BRADY has a story for every hour of the day, and all prizes, too.

That was a funny one she told at the party which Louis D'Arclay, actor-artist, gave for her at his Beverly Hills home.

It seems that Helen Mencken's mother is deaf and dumb. Alice had learned to talk on her fingers when she attended school. So when Mrs. Mencken became ill, and nobody was allowed to see her, Alice secured admittance to the room on the understanding that she would be very serene. She stayed in a long time, and finally some one came to peep in to see what was happening.

They found Alice telling Mrs. Mencken funny stories by means of the sign language, with the invalid in stitches of laughter!

Then Alice told about how W. C. Fields and Frank Craven were discussing golf at her home one night, and when Craven asked Fields if he swore on the course, Fields answered:

"No, I never get profane, but where I spit the grass never grows again!"

NORMA SHEARER had her fortune told at the party which Leila Hyams and Phil Berg gave on the occasion of Phil's birthday. When Norma emerged from the ordeal she was smiling.

"The room was quite dark, and the fortune teller didn't recognize me," she said. "She told me I had acting aspirations, but that I'd probably never be really successful!"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON gave a party for a number of famous Russians, including Rouben Mamoulian, Richard Boleslavski, Constantino Bakalienova, and others. He solicitously provided vodka for his guests—and not one of them drank it! All preferred the native American poisons. It is only since coming to this country that Anna Sten has learned to play ping-pong. She is quite rabid about the game.

At the party which Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman gave, Miss Sten and Carl Laemmle, Jr., played together continuously after dinner, Miss Sten winning most of the time.

FRED ASTAIRE is a shy bird. He ducks all the parties he can, and even his charming young society wife can't drag him to them very often.

The two were invited to Dolores Del Rio's for tennis. But when he found he was to meet a lot of people he didn't know, he and Mrs. Astaire fled over to the home of their friends, Merian C. Cooper and Dorothy Jordan.

Nevertheless, a goodly crowd assembled and swatted the ball across the net at Miss Del Rio's.

William Powell arrived early, but Jean Harlow was late, because she was working on her new book entitled "Today Is Tonight."

NILS ASTHER sent some cables, from which we learn that he will visit Turkey before he returns from Europe and Asia; will spend Christmas with his mother in Sweden; wants plumbers engaged for his house in London, and will stay over there indefinitely; Donald Crisp and Jane Murfin have bought a yacht for a cruise in the South Seas; Katharine Hepburn is sporting these days a hat, scarf, and gloves of green and black plaid velvet with a black wool suit. The pants seem to be permanently parked. Grab-it-off dinners (in nicer words, buffet) are the rule in Hollywood where there are more than fifteen guests, but Clark Gable "extended himself," as the French say, and gave a sit-down dinner to twenty guests. Included among those present were Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Sam Goldwyn and Mrs. Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart and Douglas Fairbanks, the guest of honor being the Countess di Frasso; Gloria Swanson took her two older youngsters to a kid party, and played games with the youngsters; Marlene Dietrich and Rouben Mamoulian dined and danced at one of Hollywood's night spots; Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow met Maureen's dad at the train when he arrived in Hollywood; Conchita Montenegro has grown two inches since she came to Hollywood three years ago.

RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION WITHOUT HARSH, RAW ALKALIES!



Millions Have Found Faster, Surer Relief In New-Type Mint

HEARTBURN is distressing. But there's no longer any need to resort to harsh alkalies in order to relieve a sour stomach, gas, or after-eating distress.

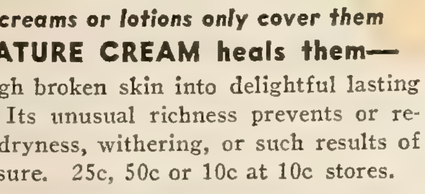
Strong, water-soluble alkalies taken in excess may change the stomach juices *completely*—slowing up digestion instead of helping it.

The new, advanced, most effective and *safe* relief for acid stomach is TUMS. TUMS contain no soda or any other water-soluble alkali—instead this candy-like mint contains an unusual antacid soluble only in the presence of acid. When the excess acid in the stomach is neutralized, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No danger of alkalosis or kidney poisoning from TUMS.

Try TUMS—3 or 4 after meals, when distressed. Eat them just like candy. You'll be grateful for the wonderful relief. 10c a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

Free 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dpt. 36BKK, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

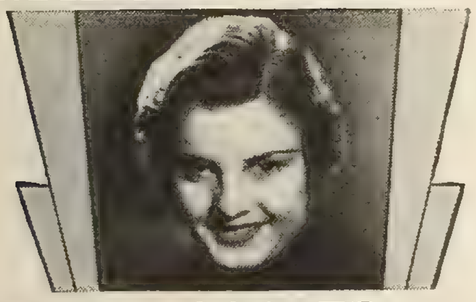


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Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

SKIN ROUGHNESS

IS HUNDREDS of TINY CRACKS

Ordinary creams or lotions only cover them

DAME NATURE CREAM heals them—

Joins the rough broken skin into delightful lasting smoothness. Its unusual richness prevents or removes chap, dryness, withering, or such results of work or exposure. 25c, 50c or 10c at 10c stores.

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Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

Sitting on Top of the World

(*Continued from page* 40)

very much. Occasionally, I entertain with a small dinner followed by contract but usually it is just the boys who drop in informally and we thrash out everything—the last fight, the football scores and, of course, every phase of pictures."

Though he doesn't drink, many of his friends do and he has a small bar opening off the dining-room and again the buying bug has prompted an extravagant outlay of glasses and an odd cocktail shaker.

A competent servant keeps the domestic wheels running smoothly but Raft plans the dinners when he is to be home—simple he-man meals of steak or roast beef, baked potatoes and other vegetables. No sweets. But he likes stewed pears and says he could enjoy them for dessert every night of the year.

"Here's the real bait of the penthouse," he said, as he proudly ushered me into another large patio at the rear, beyond the kitchen and servant's quarters. "This is my outdoor gymnasium where Mack and I do our training. I've ordered a ping pong table so it is likely to become a playroom, too."

From the entrance hall we went upstairs to the bedroom on the floor above. There are three, with two bathrooms, George's, a guest room with twin beds, and Mack's.

George occupies the large front room with three windows to the south and one to the west.

"No one hates to go to bed more than I, there are always so many excuses for staying up. The next thing I hate worse than going to bed is getting up in the morning. Mack comes in and wakens me with dire threats but it usually takes his third visit and a wrestling match to get me out of bed."

His greatest extravagance is clothes, he loves them and he buys in quantities. His preference is blue and gray for suits with everything to harmonize. He has excellent taste with the real flair of the well-dressed man.

Such orderliness as his closets revealed. In one hung rows and rows of coats, with several racks flashing many beautiful ties. In another closet were the trousers and his shoes. Also, bathrobes of every style and color, and pajamas—dozens of them, mostly of black satin.

His dresser drawers are another exhibit for he keeps his blue shirts in one, the white ones in another, the tans and browns in still another—and there's not a wrinkle among them.

As we returned to the living-room I was conscious of a definite homey atmosphere. Perhaps George's own friendliness animates his surroundings. There is no put-on with him and he never forgets the old friends. He is always courteous and thoughtful whether it be with the prop boys, the store clerks, his own employes or the highest studio officials.

As we chatted, George, Mack and I, we touched many subjects, Mack told me that George never misses the weekly fights, nor a ball game when it's possible to make it. If he's working he frequently takes in the night games.

Seven phones keep George in touch with the outside world.

"I believe in living Today and not planning too much for a future that may never catch up with us," he said.



Keep MIRROR FRESH

WITH MARVELOUS FACE POWDER!

WHEN your big moment comes, will you grab for your powder puff, long for a mirror—be fussed and nose-conscious—and spoil it?

Or, will your complexion be *mirror fresh*—as soft and lovely as it was when you left your mirror? It will—if you're wearing Marvelous!

Marvelous Face Powder is a Richard Hudnut product—made with a brand-new ingredient never discovered for powder before. It makes the powder cling longer than any powder you ever tried.

Don't take our word for it—take our samples! Four boxes—they cost you nothing (a mere 6¢ for postage and packing). They come in four shades—there's a coupon, clip it!

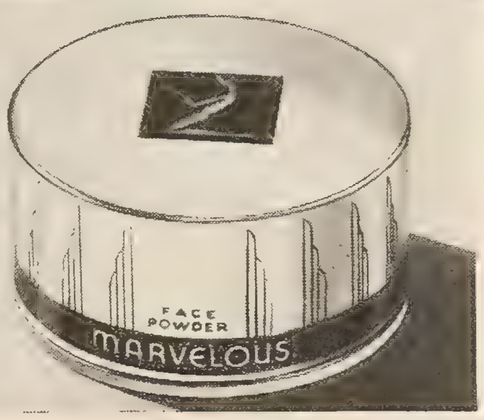
Or don't wait for the postman. The name is MARVELOUS. The maker is Richard Hudnut. The price—for the full-size box—is only 55¢. Drop in at the nearest drug or department store!

New Discovery **BY RICHARD HUDNUT**

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON FROM 4 *to* 6 HOURS

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MARVELOUS *Face Powder* 55¢



Mail this!

FREE—Marvelous Make-up Guide—and FOUR generous trial *boxes* of four popular shades of Marvelous Face Powder. Mail coupon now!

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RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City. I want to try Marvelous. Send me the four trial boxes and Make-Up Guide. Here's 6¢ for packing and postage.

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IF YOU WANT a dazzling smile and firm, strong, beautifully clean teeth, be careful of what you put in your mouth. Your doctor prescribes salt as a gargle, your dentist prescribes salt as a mouth wash—and that is why salt forms the base of this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste. No wonder more than 7000 dentists now recommend this remarkable new paste to their patients. It gives you all the great benefits of a scientific salt solution in handy pleasant toothpaste form. It stimulates circulation in the mouth tissues and heals tender gums; it cleanses your teeth beautifully and safely; and its salty, tangy, exhilarating taste leaves your mouth and breath delightfully clean and refreshed. Try a tube. See for yourself.

Money back guaranteed if not delighted! Order a tube today. 35c in the large size, 10c in the guest size. If you do not find Worcester Salt Toothpaste the most beneficial, delightfully refreshing dentifrice you have ever used, we will refund your money. Is that fair?

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Clip this ad and paste it (with your address) to the empty box from a 35c size tube of Worcester Salt Toothpaste. Mail to us and get free, postpaid, a little imported Lucky Elephant Charm to always carry with you. Address Dept. 80, Worcester Salt Company, 40 Worth St., New York, U. S. A.

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REVEALS THREE IMPORTANT WAYS AND MEANS TO BEAUTY

NEW LASHES FOR OLD: We've been rushing about with long, sweeping lashes feeling very much like Joan Crawford and it's all because of those perfectly grand artificial eyelashes. Fact is, readers have been asking so many questions about them . . . how they are applied, where they can be bought, how long they last, how much



they cost . . . that we just dropped everything last week, dashed uptown and did a bit of research. Well, the difference that a thick fringe of eyelashes can make is astonishing. They give the eyes more depth, more expression, more allure. All you need is good light, a steady hand, plenty of time, and, of course, the box containing the lashes and two little bottles. The lashes are soft and glossy and come in black and brown and the bottles contain fluids for applying and removing. Now, just a word of caution: Be sure that after you have applied the lashes, you trim them following the natural curve of your own for if it is obvious that they are artificial, your best beau or doting husband will set up a dreadful din. So be a "smoothie," trim them neatly, and you'll have a heavenly time gazing soulfully at *him* and he'll never suspect you of employing artificial wiles but will wonder why he never noticed your alluring eyes before.



OH, THOSE PORE HERBS! Large pores are the besetting evil of most American women's complexions today and few escape them. In Switzerland, women are famous for their complexions and the secret lies in the use of rare herbs which grow on sunny Swiss mountainsides. These herbs are picked when richest in their curative qualities. Presented to American women for the first time are products whose basic ingredients are precious natural herbs. Because soap-and-water is recognized as such a vital part of cleansing, start with a nice soapy lather to remove grime and dust. Then comes the *herb baume,* a compound of natural herbs. A thimbleful spread over the face with the fingertips and left on overnight helps refine pores, arrest lines and soften the skin. There is also an unperfumed powder for those addicted to one scent and reluctant to use another. The cleansing lotion for daytime is a clear amber liquid with a fresh herbaceous fragrance which removes all traces of make-up and leaves the skin fresh and clear.

AN OLD ROMAN CUSTOM: Years ago when Rome was in its glory, men and women went to the baths together. The men wearing fancy costumes, the women clad in long, flowing gowns and carrying little wooden bowls containing sweetmeats and perfumed oils. Today, sophisticated women, aware of the power of perfume to stir the senses, use an essence which softens the water and scents the bath and body with a mystifying fragrance.



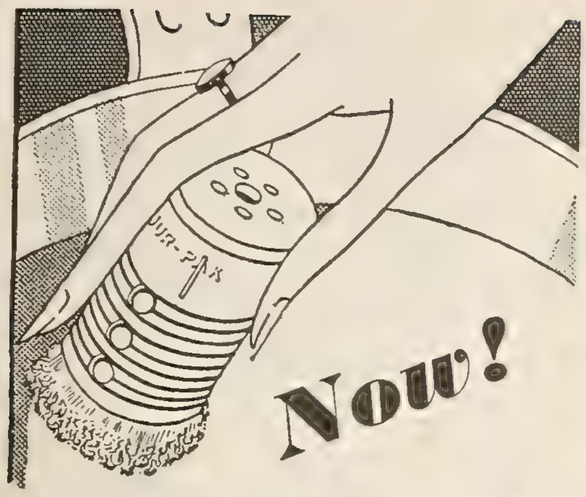
The bath essence pictured has the fresh, delicate and elusive scent of flowers drenched in the rain. A few drops in your bath has a tonic effect on the nerves and penetrates each pore with a haunting perfume that lingers for hours.

Now, exercise to ward off crow's feet, worry lines, and saggy chins. All you need invest is five cents (yes, five pennies) and a few spare moments. This month's circular tells how. . . Have you heard about a set for make-up and costume harmony? It contains eight shades of rouge and lipstick so you can experiment to your heart's content. . . Next month we're investigating the artificial fingernail sit-chee-ation, some fun!

Anything you'd like discussed in these columns? Just drop a line to—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Now!

SKOUR-PAK

A Superior Scouring Brush of Steel Wool

- Protects fingers from scratching—you don't touch the steel wool!
- Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!
- Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.
- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department stores...

RIDGWAYS, Inc. 60 WARREN ST., N. Y. C.

Dress up your kitchen with new towels, pot holders, stenciled food containers, etc. Send 10c for diagram pattern to Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete your High School education at home — *in 2 years or less.* Course meets all requirements for entrance to college and leading professions. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Full credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Send for Free Bulletin TODAY. No obligation.
American School, Dept. H-290; Drexel at 58th, Chicago

Out of **HOLLYWOOD** *comes a new* **NAIL POLISH** *to* **GLORIFY YOUR HANDS**



Tested and Approved — Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine

MOON GLOW

Cream—**NAIL POLISH**—*Clear*

Here is the nail polish you've been hearing so much about—made popular by stage and screen stars in Hollywood. Moon Glow Nail Polish is a new blend—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously. In six splendid shades from the delicate to the daring. Scientifically perfected so as not to chip, peel, crack, fade or streak. And economical—larger bottle, lower price. 25 cents at the better toilet goods counters. Send coupon and 10 cents for generous trial bottle. (*Moon Glow Oil Polish Remover is the latest treat for the nails.*)

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co. Ltd., Dept. T25
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Cream Polish. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked.
( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Oil Nail Polish Remover.

Name_____
St. and No._____
City_____ State_____

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 35*)

in the neighborhood are looking wan and haggard from hopping off the roost at all hours of the night in response to their synthetic "master's voice."

•

HURRYING off the "Good Fairy" set, Margaret Sullavan climbed in her car, stepped on the starter, shifted into low and nothing happened!

The big car just wouldn't budge an inch, and, after jiggling two or three gadgets, the perplexed Margaret got out and walked around to see what was what.

The "what" proved to be a jack under her rear axle, and, as soon as she saw it, Miss Sullavan knew right away that the culprit was a property boy with a fine flair for practical jokes.

Next day, it was pretty hot, and, about the middle of the afternoon, Margaret ran out for a cold drink, returning with a big ice cream cone for the flustered property boy.

The first two bites were swell, but after the third, "props" made a Mr. Hyde face and dashed for the great outdoors.

It seems that Margaret's gesture of "vendetta" was salt, *and plenty of it! And methinks it'll be a long time before that particular prop boy will get smart with anybody else!*

•

FOR ten solid weeks on the "Night Life of the Gods" set, Geneva Mitchell knit . . . and knit . . . and KNIT, between shots.

Catching her at it half a dozen times, our curiosity finally got the better of us.

"What's she knitting, anyhow?" we asked Lowell Sherman, her director.

"I'm not sure . . ." he whispered confidentially, "but I think it's a tent for the preview!"

•

GARY COOPER gets a great kick out of duck hunting and sneaks off, as often as he can dodge engagements, to pot the wily critters.

On his last trip, Gary drew a bead on one of the biggest ducks he had ever seen. Bang! Bang! and the bird went into a tailspin.

A split second later, our intrepid hunter bit the dust, knocked sideways by what he thought was a tarred and feathered cannon ball. As soon as he got his bearings, imagine his chagrin when he discovered that the "duck" he'd just shot was an eagle with a seven-foot wing spread!

•

KNOWING Baby LeRoy's weakness for tweaking noses, Jimmy Durante was more than a little relieved when the miniature nose-tweaker was pulled out of the cast of "Carnival" and cute little Dickie Walters substituted.

How young Dickie got the part is a story that would do Ripley's heart good.

Bill Perlberg, a casting director, was driving in from the beach when a little boy dodged out in front of his car. Slamming on the brakes, Bill got out to see that the kid was quite unharmed.

Hurrying around to the front of the car, he looked anxiously down at young Dickie (for it was he, no less!). And Dickie, looking right back at him, murmured, most nonchalantly: "Fancy that!"

Bill was so relieved and amused that he made an appointment to test the child, and . . . you know the answer.

(*Please turn to page 62*)

I never knew a perfume could be as perfect as

FAOEN *and* **I'VE TRIED THEM ALL**



says Beatrice Hudson, New York model









MANY expensive perfumes had intriguing scents, it is true, . . . but what I wanted was something different," says Beatrice Hudson, famous New York model. "FAOEN (with its $1 to $3 quality) *was* different! It actually transformed my personality, gave me an entirely new charm and sense of power!"

Haunting, sophisticated . . FAOEN turns you from an attractive woman to an irresistible one! Men are enchanted by its mysterious fragrance!

FAOEN has made thousands of smart women more desirable.

In a "compact" ten-cent size at all F. W. Woolworth stores.

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes



E is for *Freshness*

Vegetables grown especially for baby Watched over from seed to harvest by Gerber. Picked at the moment of perfection. Rushed to the cannery, where only the choicest go into Gerber cans.

C is for *Choiceness*

Only the *cream* of fresh-picked vegetables is selected for Gerber cans. Sorted by women in snowy uniforms. Washed in clear artesian water.

V is for *Vitamins*

Conserved to a greater extent by Gerber processes, which during pre-cooking, straining, canning and steam-cooking in cans exclude the oxygen that causes vitamin loss in open-kettle home cooking.

M is for *Minerals*

Preserved to a higher degree by Gerber methods. Vacuum cooking regulates moisture and retains mineral salts poured off in water at home.

F is for *Flavor*

Retained in greatest measure by the new Gerber patent-applied-for Shaker-Cooker. Vegetables are *stirred* throughout steam-cooking in sealed cans. Protects fresh flavor, taste and color. Insures uniform cooking of every particle. Gives more complete sterilization without overcooking.

S is for *Straining*

Gerber strains through monel screens, five times as fine as kitchen sieves, removing more indigestible fiber, making vegetables *safer* for baby.

U is for *Uniformity*

Every vegetable *scientifically* prepared. Cooking times and temperatures pre-determined and accurately regulated. Baby gets, in season and out, the *best* vegetables—uniformly prepared—standard in quality, consistency and flavor.

A is for *Approval*

Accepted by American Medical Association Committee on Foods. Prescribed by thousands of doctors, who have observed the wholesome benefits to hundreds of thousands of babies of these "better for babies" Strained Vegetables.

• • •

Better For Mothers, Too

Baby gets a complete variety of vegetables, summer and winter. No tedious cooking and straining. Mothers are freed of hours of daily drudgery. Doctor's instructions can be carried out more accurately and scientifically. Vegetables are unseasoned, so that they may be served as they are, or seasoned slightly as taste or the doctor directs.

Your Store's Baby Department

When shopping look for the Gerber line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . . . 10¼-oz. cans.



Ask Your Doctor

Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby



Mothers! Here's help for you, if "Baby won't eat." Scientific information . . . practical suggestions . . . telling how to establish wholesome, normal eating habits. FREE booklet. Send for it.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN

(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)

Please send me free copy of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would like a picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

TM-2e

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 61)

JOHN BEAL has an unusual good luck talisman. While on location with "The Little Minister," he was accidentally stuck by the sword of an extra in the vein just at the right of his eye.

Superstitious as anything, John keeps the stitches, taken from the wound, in a gold locket which he carries with him constantly, thinking to ward off any further injuries.

And if that really helps, then Victor MacLaglen should tote his tonsils around in an old aspirin box, because he's been in the hospital with a bad case of laryngitis from yelling "Sez you!" at Edmund Lowe, in their newest picture!

•

THE Old Soldiers' Home, in Sawtelle, is one long buzz of reminiscence since the blessed old-timers were invited to act in Columbia's "Call to Arms."

The way those Union and Confederate pappys polished up their brass buttons and pressed those blue and gray uniforms was a caution. Gettysburg, Bull Run and San Juan Hill were side shows compared to the fun they had doing their stuff before the cameras.

•

YEARS ago . . . well, not too many years ago . . . when Edward Everett Horton was on the stage, a little black-eyed chap was wrasling scenery and doubling in brass at the theater where Horton played.

The kid's name was Ramon Novarro and today, he and Horton are pals of the first water.

The other evening, Eddie invited Ramon over to his house for a home-cooked dinner and Novarro is still raving about the home-baked bread, roast and gravy, and all the other tasty dishes cooked up by the inimitable Horton!

•

FRED KEATING is watching for his first picture with keen anticipation.

During the making of "The Captain Hates the Sea," Fred lost in the neighborhood of twenty pounds, and knowing the strange technique of picture making, Fred is wondering . . . ?

On Monday, they shot a scene where Fred is shown leaving a room. Then, possibly four weeks later, they get around to the shot that shows him emerging into another room on the other side of the door, presumably a split second later.

"I have a reputation for legerdemain," Fred grinned, "but, when the audience sees me go in a door weighing 165 pounds and come out weighing 140 . . . well, they'll never believe it!"

•

FROM our NEMO-Nook on the fifth floor, we watched Norman Foster park his brand new Ford coupe smack on the red line while he dashed into the Gotham for an armful of his favorite delicatessen.

Because of the noon rush, we guess he must have had quite a time getting service, because, fifteen minutes later, when he finally came out, there was a brawny Boulevard cop with one foot on the running board, earnestly writing out a you-know-what!

Norman grinned sheepisly, stowed the groceries and, after a ten-minute chat with the law, drove away, still grinning sheepishly, but with the nasty ticket tucked in his vest pocket!

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with This 4-Way Remedy!

A cold is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances. When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy". Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.



Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassell and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra, every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network

WHEN Freddie March returned from his two-month cruise in the South Seas, he took one look at the stacks of mail that had accumulated in his absence and dashed for cover!

Waving a very nice picture contract, Missus March inveigled him out of hiding and, at last reports, Freddie had worn out six fountain pens and borrowed the neighbor's to finish up!

•

THERE are lots of reasons for divorce, but Mrs. Chick Chandler's is the pay-off!

Chick, it seems, is a bee connoisseur, which is quite all right in its place. But during the last rainy spell, Chick got up at 2 A. M., carefully brought in all the hives and put them in the living-room!

That was bad enough, but, with the living-room overcrowded, he stowed the remaining hives in the BEDROOM! And Mrs. Chandler couldn't quite take it.

However, if Chick will just build a rain-proof shelter for his buzzy friends, all will be well, and no Reno to worry about.

•

MERVYN LEROY, that clever little director whose passion for his art led him into many a day's overtime, now quits the studio promptly on the dot of five each afternoon.

"I'm still on my honeymoon," he firmly announced to his gasping co-workers. "The little woman expects me and I won't disappoint her!"

And, as Mervyn hopes that the pending expectancy will be a boy, let's hope the 'little woman' won't disappoint *him!*

•

AFTER completing a sound recording that was so swell that the onlookers applauded enthusiastically, Joe Morrison was leaving the set.

A cocky extra (one of those smart guys) upped to Joe and very sarcastically remarked:

"Well, d'you think you'll ever amount to anything?"

Joe gave the fellow a thorough once-over. "Oh, I don't know," he said seriously. "But, if I don't, there'll be one consolation . . . I'll have plenty of company!"

•

WHEN Clark Gable isn't duck hunting, he's deer hunting. Or bear hunting. Anyhow . . . hunting.

He just returned from a hunting trip in Idaho and, before he could get out of his hunting britches, Leo Carrillo and Jack Conway grabbed him by the tail of his coonskin cap and dragged him off to Mexico to see how good he was at fishing!

Next month, we'll tell you about the one that got away . . .

•

AFTER spending hours on the "Gay Divorcée" set, Katie Hepburn was so intrigued with the dancing of Fred Astaire that she hired his dancing instructor to give her lessons in tap dancing!

You can't stop our Katie, and, in spite of a dozen gypsy petticoats, the gal goes through her "Turkey in the Straw" routine with all the fervor of a potential Pat Rooney!

•

WELL, kiddies, this hasn't been a very exciting month. But, with the bow and arrow we got from Santy, Poppa NEMO is goin' up in them thar hills and run down a lot of snappy items for your edification next month.

And, if you haven't broken Junior's electric train by this time . . . keep tryin'!

We'll be seein' you!

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat, that so often leads to something serious, generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a *"counter-irritant"*—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out pain and congestion.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

RADIO: *Tune in the "Voice of Experience," Columbia Network. See newspaper for time.*

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U.S. PAT OFF.

NRA CODE

Mold your body to alluring lines



Get rid of unsightly FAT easily. Bring down that waist line, smooth out hip bulges and make yourself lithe, graceful, slim. Use a **new method**—no drugs—no diets—no back-breaking exercise; just a simple natural method which reduces just as surely as though you were in the hands of a trained masseur.

Reduce Quickly

The Hemp Body Molding System, invented by Paul L. Hemp, expert masseur and specialist in reducing, reduces where reduction is needed and does it surely, safely, quickly. The cost is almost nothing, less than he often collects for a single treatment.

FREE trial

This amazingly successful method is yours for trial, without any obligation to buy. Send your name and address today for complete proof, there is no charge whatever. Take advantage of this offer NOW; a postal card will do.



THE CONLEY COMPANY, Inc.
561 First Ave., N.W.
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FEEDING THE BABY

correctly is one of the most important steps in building sound health. Send 10c for feeding directions and recipes to Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Beauty hint for hands that will be ADMIRED

Every one can enjoy lovely hands, hands that you are proud to show. How? By a simple beauty treatment—Chamberlain's Lotion used daily. Containing 13 different, imported oils, Chamberlain's Lotion soothes, smooths, re-beautifies. A clear liquid, not gummy, Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds, without bothersome stickiness. Try Chamberlain's Lotion today. See what it can do for you. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

USE THIS COUPON

Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.
Please send free trial size of your lotion.
T.M.-2
Name_____
Address_____



Chamberlain's Lotion

On the Set with Coming Pictures

(*Continued from page 6*)

staggering bill for the show, discovers that her pet son, Frank McHugh, has secretly married the hotel hostess, and half a dozen other minor shocks, she decides that it might be just as well to have a doctor in the family to pull her out of her fainting spells!

Hugh Herbert, Winifred Shaw and Dorothy Dare add plenty to the action.

ONE HOUR LATE
•
PARAMOUNT

Not to be outdone, our old Grand Rapids pal, Joe Morrison, joins the vocal parade and throws a few high notes up for "grabs," in Libby Block's interesting story of life in an office building.

Joe is in love with Helen Twelvetrees, but, because Helen displays a sympathetic interest in her boss, Conrad Nagel, whose wife, Gail Patrick, neglects him to fool around with Ray Milland, Joe goes off in a huff and asks Arline Judge to marry him.

Angry at his failure to understand, Helen decides to even matters by spending the week-end with Nagel, in the country.

Comes quitting time and the usual five o'clock rush for the elevator . . . and matrimonial complications.

Joe, Helen and Gail are in the elevator with three other interesting personalities when . . . Crash! . . . Bang! . . . a cable breaks and the safety catch stalls the lift between the fifteenth and sixteenth floors.

There's a breath-taking minute while Joe wriggles through the trap door to slip the catch, singing all the time to keep up his courage.

One of the passengers is owner of a radio station, and when he hears our Joe . . . well, you just know that the lad gets a contract and all ends well for everybody.

We watched them shoot the last scene for the picture, where Joe, resplendent in tails and a wing collar, warbles his theme song, "This Must Be Paradise," into the microphone of the KLR broadcasting station.

Behind the cameras, the "real" orchestra plays softly, while, behind Joe, synthetic musicians go through the motions on dummy instruments. And you'll never know the difference!

On the sidelines, Sam Coslow, composer of the piece, listened raptly while Joe drew superb harmony from his lovely melody.

Director Ralph Murphy stood with eyes closed, absorbing the rhythm while he figured out the romantic action that must accompany the finale.

And we just sat there, full of pardonable pride that a lad from our home town had made the grade in Hollywood!

ENCHANTED APRIL
•
RKO

April in Paris may have its moments, but Elizabeth Russell saw more romantic possibilities in an Italian setting. Hence, her very charming novel on marital digression . . . and what springtime in Italy can do about bringing obstreperous husbands to their so-called senses.

When Ann Harding's stuffy husband, Frank Morgan follows his wife's advice and writes a book, all about the naughty ladies of history, the thing goes over so big that it can only be com-

(*Please turn to page* 64)

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____ (9)

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



● Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.



On the Set with Coming Pictures

(*Continued from page 63*)

pared with the size of Frank's hat-band.

Losing out to a bunch of lion-taming females, Ann strikes up a friendship with Katherine Alexander, who's own husband has a pretty good opinion of himself, and the two of them rent an Italian villa, with an eye to letting Nature take its course, under soft Italian skies.

Infatuated with Jane Baxter, Frank refuses to go along for a reconciliation with the lovely Ann. Katherine's husband, Reginald Owen, holds out, too, until he hears that Jane and her wealthy aunt have a share in the villa. This news brings both the cantankerous hubbies scurrying to Italy. Frank . . . to be with his "heart"; and Owen to sell stocks, or something, to the wealthy aunt.

In spite of bad plumbing, the romantic atmosphere has its way with the lads, and, before the next month's rent is due, Love's in bloom and all's well.

On the set, Owen, with nothing but a towel around his middle, staggered, gasping, out of a cloud of steam that emerged from the doorway of the prehistoric bathroom.

Sputtering like a wheezy motorboat, he brushed aside the Italian caretaker and his wife who jabbered excitedly, and staggered, dripping, into the wide-open spaces of the living-room.

It seems that, not understanding the temperament of the antique water heater, Reggie had given the thing its head, with disastrous results.

It may amuse you to know that Charles Judels, well known for his portrayals of Italian characters, cannot speak a word of Italian but gets it off so convincingly that few know the difference.

As Owen made his steamy exit from the bathroom, Director Harry Beaumont instructed Judels (playing the caretaker) to ad lib excitedly.

Dashing across the set, Judels grabbed a real Italian and requested a mouthful of dialect.

"Just anything," he said, "that you'd say if you were excited about something."

The Italian started off with something that sounded like "boloney spaghetti de Dio" or something, and, as Charles repeated it carefully, an executive leaped into the air, shouting: "No 'Dio'! . . . absolutely no 'Dio'!"

So Mr. Judels was obliged to turn in the "Dio" for something less profane. And, such is life out here on the western front!

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE
●
PARAMOUNT

When a famous international crook falls in love, hang onto your bridgework, folks!

For love of Gertrude Michael, Paul Lukas sets out to get a corner on ten priceless diamonds, known as the Flying Stars. He figures that if he presents them, along with his heart and hand, to the girl of his dreams, his chances for a walk down the old church aisle will be that much better.

In order to make it that much harder, Paul gives the police department a handicap by telling them what he intends to do, and right away, everybody owning any of the sparklers starts to do some plain and fancy worrying.

Father Brown, played by Walter Connolly, has four of them in a crucifix, and the way he outwits the ambitious Lukas leads us to wonder if he didn't get his training for the priesthood in some department of Scotland Yard?

Close by, Lukas, always the serious fellow, studied his script, utterly oblivious to the hilarity going on all around him. Determined to eradicate every trace of his charming accent, Paul refuses to converse in his native tongue. Even fellow Hungarians must stick to the English of it if they would have a word with the romantic Lukas. And, is Paul ka-razy about our good old ham and eggs! And fried potatoes!!

Director Edward Sedgwick has some rare ideas of his own about American cuisine and, between scenes, that boy carries on in a manner that wouldn't do a starving Armenian any good!

And . . . oh, yes . . . before we forget it entirely . . . Gilbert Chesterton wrote the story of "Father Brown, Detective."

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WHK	—Cleveland	CKAC	—Montreal
CKLW	—Detroit	CFRB	—Toronto

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LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER
●
PARAMOUNT

In spite of dust storms, terrific heat, temperamental leopards and what-have-you, this production, from the novel by F. Yeats-Brown, is nearing completion, and crew, cast, and Papa Paramount are all set to indulge in one big collective sigh of relief.

In order to have it letter perfect as to detail, Director Henry Hathaway spent two years of intensive research in India, and the filming there of actual scenes by Ernie Schoedsack form the background of the picture.

The Paramount ranch was turned into an exact reproduction of the Lancers' Headquarters in India, and, while some three hundred horsemen put their gallant steeds through a sort of drill formation, Gary Cooper and Henry Wilcoxon raced their own animals over five-foot hurdles, and without a casualty, either.

The story is a simple one. Sir Guy Standing, colonel of the regiment, is displeased when his own son, Dick Cromwell, is sent to join the company as a replacement. So as not to be accused of partiality, Sir Guy bends over backwards to discipline Dick even more drastically than he does the others.

Smarting under the stiff treatment, and feeling that his father cares nothing for him and is merely trying to humiliate him, Dick deserts and wanders into the enemy's camp where he is forced to reveal the movements of his father's troups.

Sympathizing with the kid, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone go after him to bring him back. About the same time, the enemy attacks and, in the ensuing battle, Gary is killed.

Tone and Cromwell are decorated as heroes, and Dick is reconciled with his father.

GILDED LILY
●
PARAMOUNT

The title of the story, by Melville Baker and Jack Kirkland, is tentative, as yet, and we're sorry about that, too. It's plenty exasperating to sit around waiting for a certain picture to come to town, only to find that you've missed it altogether because the title has been changed at the last minute.

There ought to be a law. . . .

Claudette Colbert, getting back into her clothes after taking off "Cleopatra" (and nicely, too!), plays a hard-working stenographer, who chases her "bluebeard" clear to London, only to find that it's been sitting right on a park bench all the time!

Every Thursday, by mutual consent, Claudette and Fred MacMurray, a newspaper reporter, meet at a certain bench in Central Park, where they munch peanuts and talk about life and stuff.

On the Set with Coming Pictures

We snuck up on 'em the other day, and their conversation went something like this:

"Love me?" Fred says.

"No," Claudette says.

"O.K.," Fred shrugs nonchalantly. "I just wondered, that's all."

Silence.

Then, "What do you think of love, anyhow?"

"Well," Claudette smiles dreamily, "I know one thing: when I *do* meet up with it, I'll know it right away!"

"Yes." Fred regards the toe of his shoe gloomily. "I suppose so. . . ."

So our lovely heroine meets Ray Milland and goes head-over-heels, without knowing he's an English lord.

It's a neat romance until the royal family gets wind of it, and then Ray is ordered home, pronto. He goes, too, jelly-fish that he is, leaving Colbert to her "pot-hooks" and park bench as of yore.

Turning press-agent, Ray puts his secret love on the front pages by publicizing her as the "Gal Who Said No to a Blueblood," and before you can say "wienerschnitzel" Claudette is famous and pulling down big money in a popular night spot.

Nursing a publicity complex himself, the Britisher comes back to share the spotlight with the fair maiden, but all of a sudden our Nell goes cold on him and returns to the park bench to find the "real thing" she's overlooked.

Neat direction by Wesley Ruggles.

DAVID COPPERFIELD
•
M-G-M

If you have not read this famous Charles Dickens classic, you should have, and shame on you!

It's all about a sensitive lad who overcomes the bitterness and unhappiness of his early life; his mother's unfortunate second marriage; the death of his first wife; and his ultimate marriage to his first sweetheart.

When his mother's second husband turns out to be a brute of the first water, young David runs away to live with his crusty old aunt, played by Edna May Oliver.

Going to school, he meets Madge Evans, daughter of Lewis Stone, and a deep affection springs up between the two.

The passing years find David grown to manhood (played by Frank Lawton) and visiting an old school friend, Hugh Williams, in London.

Forgetting Madge, David meets and falls desperately in love with Maureen O'Sullivan. They are married and return to the Stone homestead, where David discovers that the pesky Uriah Heep (Roland Young), in encouraging Stone's bibulous habits, has robbed him of nearly everything he owns.

A delicate young thing, Maureen soon dies, leaving David desolate, until, some time later, when his early affection for Madge ripens into love, and, after exposing Heep, the two are married.

"All right, Frank," Director George Cukor instructed, "you're packing . . . excited over the prospect of going to London. Miss Evans . . . you stand here . . . watch him . . . make it wistful. You love him . . . and he's going away. Young," to our Roland, "you're perfectly satisfied that the fellow's going. Be smug about it . . . and make that speech significant. All right; let's go!"

So . . . the cameras turn. Frank packs excitedly. Madge watches him wistfully. Roland is nastily smug. "It would be too bad," he speaks significantly, "if, in London, our friend would forget all about us?"

"Save it!" says Cukor. And they're ready for the next scene.

I'VE BEEN AROUND
•
UNIVERSAL

Chester Morris is engaged to Rochelle Hudson, daughter of a wealthy Long Islander, and they plan to be married.

But, while Chet is away on a business trip, Rochelle meets up with G. P. Huntley, Jr., and, because of the feller's slick city ways, becomes madly infatuated with him.

G. P. is in love with Phyllis Brooks, but, because he figures on cutting in on the old man's money, leads poor Rochelle on until Poppa tells him that if he marries her, he'll have to support himself.

When he throws her over, Rochelle elopes with the delighted and unsuspecting Chester. But on their wedding night she breaks down and tells him that it's "no sale" because her heart belongs to Mister Huntley.

Smarting under the injustice of woman's inhumanity to man, Chet goes on a glorious toot, painting Europe and points East a swell shade of red.

With time to think things over, Rochelle sees the light and New Year's Eve finds her a lonely and regretful lady.

In the lobby of his hotel, Chester runs across his old pal Gene Lockhart.

"How come you're sober?" Gene wants to know.

"That's the way I'm going to be from now on," Chet says gloomily.

"Honest?"

"Yeah. You won't have to play nursemaid any longer."

"I'm gonna stay with you tonight, though," anxiously.

"You won't need to." Chet hesitates a moment. Then: "You don't happen to know where Drue (Rochelle) is living, do you?"

With a significantly happy look, Gene digs in a pocket and produces the address. Thanking him, Chet dashes out.

In the elevator of her apartment house, Rochelle has run across Huntley and a gang who insist on coming up to her place for a drink. And—just then Chester walks in!

Thinking the worst, he is about to leave, when the little woman throws her arms around him and tells him what a fool she's been. Which helps.

It's a Gerald Beaumont story with Phil Cahn direction.

DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR
•
WARNERS

Land, sea or air, Jimmy Cagney continues to be the conceited smarty who smashes regulations, gets in Dutch with everybody and, finally, comes out of his cocky tailspin to make a perfect three-point landing.

Jimmy worships Pat O'Brien, a lieutenant who has obtained a berth for him in the Marine aviation corps, until Pat reprimands the kid for stunting during maneuvers.

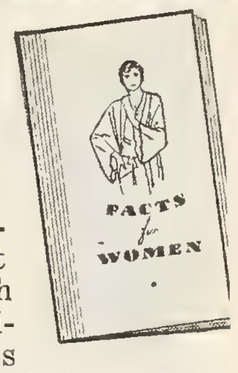
Thinking that Pat has gone high-hat, Jimmy decides to get even, and, with that in mind, makes a fresh play for Pat's girl friend, Margaret Lindsay, who resents his smarty ways and doesn't

(*Please turn to page* 66)



ASK ANY MARRIED WOMAN WHO HAS TRIED IT

(or send for the booklet "Facts for Women")



TIMES have changed, and women have changed with them. Instead of brooding over the "failure" of their marriages, many married women are wearing a cheerful expression. What they once thought was dangerous is now found to be safe!

The news has spread around of the *discovery* that has taken the *danger* out of the practice of feminine hygiene. Ask any married woman who has tried this modern method, and she will tell you of the great change it has brought into her life—more poise, more confidence, a better and more cheerful disposition.

Never too late to learn

Your grandmother (and even your mother perhaps) thought feminine hygiene was always associated with poisonous antiseptics. Nothing else was powerful enough: that was the old belief—and in the days of your grandmother it was true!

But that was before the discovery of *Zonite*, the great non-poisonous antiseptic-germicide that has brought joy and relief to millions of enlightened women. If you do not already know the *facts* about Zonite, note them carefully now. It is never too late to learn. Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous. It will not harm delicate membranes, nor produce scar-tissue. Yet Zonite is powerful. It is the only non-poisonous antiseptic that compares in strength with the standard poisonous germicides. As a matter of fact, Zonite is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch the human body.

Two forms of Zonite

Zonite is on sale at drugstores everywhere. The liquid Zonite is sold in bottles, 30¢, 60¢, $1.00. Zonite Suppositories (dainty, white, greaseless forms) are $1.00 a dozen, sealed in separate glass vials. Many women use both.

Be sure to write for booklet "Facts for Women." It gives the latest, most authoritative information on a subject now discussed by women everywhere. Keep up to date; ask for this free booklet today.

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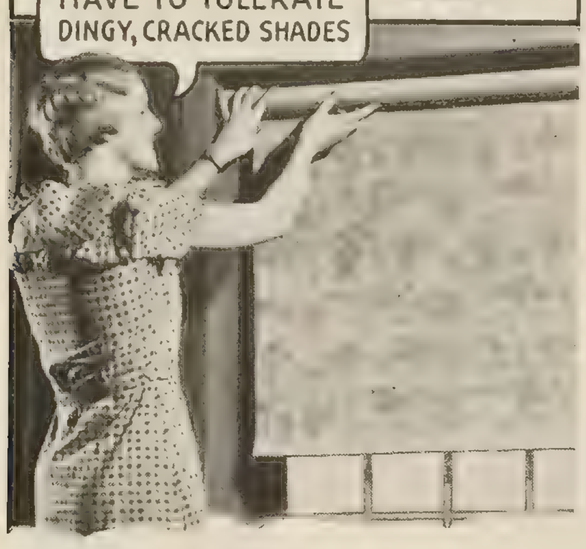
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"Just as I have economized on shades by using Clopays—now I can save on every oilcloth need by using Fabray. At a saving of ⅓ to ½ it gives me oilcloth appearance and oilcloth wear plus advantages oilcloth does not have. It will not crack or peel when creased. There are so many lovely new patterns and fresh, dainty solid colors, too. Now I can have a harmonious decorative scheme in my kitchen just as I have in other rooms."

FABRAY is sold by leading 5-and-10c stores in 46-inch width for tables—12-inch width for shelves. See it at your nearest store or send 10c for 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State color preferred.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1350 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

On the Set with Coming Pictures

(*Continued from page* 65)

hesitate a little bit to tell him so.

When Jimmy lands a burning plane, after Pat has bailed out, he is hailed as a hero for sticking to his ship, and, after that, there's no holding him.

Disliked by everybody, Jimmy continues to hold his spot as ace flyer of the corps and the highlight of the piece occurs when the plane he and Pat are flying loses part of a wing during the smoke-screen maneuvers.

Wriggling out on the broken wing, Pat balances the ship long enough for Jimmy to make a perfect landing, and then the laurels go to Pat.

Discovering that his girl has come to love the sassy aviator, Pat makes an elegant "beau geste," relinquishing his "heart" to the thoroughly chastened Cagney.

Lloyd Bacon puts the devil dogs through their paces with directorial finesse.

MILLS OF THE GODS
•
COLUMBIA

May Robson is grandmother to a prosperous plow company and a flock of ungrateful, parasitical descendants who leave May to run the business profitably while they gallivant all over Europe, living off the interest of a $50,000,000 trust fund.

Comes the depression and the factory starts slipping. But will those ungrateful brats give the old lady the loan of their money until the business gets on its feet again? Not much they won't. Instead, they try to sneak back to their milk and honey in Europe, and, not until the factory workers riot and a grandson, James Blakely, is accidentally shot, do the nuisances wake up to the fact that "life is more than just a bowl of cherries."

Victor Jory, one of the mill hands, falls in love with the snooty granddaughter, Fay Wray, and, before it's over she comes down to earth deciding that maybe the salt of the earth is better than all of Grandma's "sugar," after all.

It's a Melville Baker-Jack Kirkland story, with that crack director, Roy William Neil, at the wheel.

SWEET MUSIC
•
WARNERS

The Warner lot is certainly a riot of chorines and song, this month!

Jerry Wald wrote this tale especially for Rudy Vallee, and Rudy, with a wealth of experience behind him, promises a right smart performance.

Vallee is a college man who becomes world famous as an orchestra leader and crooner. He loves Ann Dvorak and she loves him, but there is so much antagonism between the two that you're not supposed to suspect the affection until the end of the picture.

Placing his orchestra and himself in a swanky New York night club, Rudy persuades the manager to send for Ann, who is singing and dancing herself to a standstill in a small-time racket.

Not knowing that Rudy has been instrumental in getting her the break, Ann treats him badly. And, when she fails to come through and is fired out of the place, she blames him for it.

Later, when Rudy gets a big radio contract, he again arranges to present Ann on his program.

The sponsors, Joe Cawthorne and Al Shean, aren't very excited over the idea, but, when Rudy insists, they give in, relegating their preference, Helen Morgan, to the immediate background, rather than lose the Vallee program.

Ann clicks, discovers that Rudy is really the cream in her mushroom soup, and the piece finishes on a high-powered theme song, with Rudy crooning into the girl friend's shell-pink ear.

Al Green directs the heigh-ho's.

"DATED COFFEE? YES! *Dated Skin? No!"*



A "dated skin" is something to avoid. It gives away the secret of your age and prohibits you from looking younger than your years . . . Keep your skin youthful by using Campana's Italian Balm. Banish rough, chapped and *dry* skin. Escape the threat of lines and wrinkles caused by housework, officework and weather. Keep your skin soft and smooth in texture . . . Italian Balm will guard you against "dated skin" for a cost of less than half a cent a day. Its genuine quality and economy have made Italian Balm the leader among skin protectors in thousands of cities of the United States and in all of Canada, where its name has been a household word for over 40 years. Try it at our expense. Use the coupon. (At drug and department stores —bottles, 10c, 35c, 60c and $1.00—tubes, 25c.)

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BEHOLD MY WIFE
•
PARAMOUNT

When Jean Raymond's elegant family breaks up his romance with a pretty stenographer the heart-broken girl hurls herself from a 'steenth-story window.

Hating them, Gene determines to bring disgrace on his snooty family, and, in a drunken moment, marries an Indian girl and brings her home to live.

As Gene has wired the folks that he has married a daughter of one of America's "first families," Momma and Poppa excitedly stage a swanky party in honor of their new daughter-in-law. So, imagine their consternation when Sylvia Sidney, all decked out in beads, braids and doeskin, steps off the train and into their unwelcoming arms!

Well, it's too late to call off the party, but, they needn't have worried. Because, with her hair up and the doeskin ditched in favor of a Patou model, little Sylvia gives the Junior Leaguers a right smart run for their broad a's.

Mad as hops because the little woman has foiled his plan to disgrace the family, Gene gets roaring drunk and tells Sylvia just why he married her.

Sick at heart, Sylvia gets back into her Indian suit and runs away with Monroe Owsley, who has been making passes at her all evening, anyhow. But Gene's sister, Juliette Compton, has some ideas of her own about Owsley's love life, and, when she catches him with sister-in-law, grabs a gun and shoots him dead. Which only goes to show that we all go native, now and again.

To protect the sister of the man she loves, Sylvia says *she* did it. And Gene, suddenly realizing that he's crazy about the Indian maid, jumps up and says *he* did it.

So what to do about it?

Director Mitchell Leisen didn't seem any too sure about the finale himself. But we'll bet a plugged nickel that Gene and Sylvia are turned loose to live happily ever after.

H. B. Warner, Laura Hope Crews, Kenneth Thompson and Dean Jagger do their part to make the cast a happy one. And Bill Lipman and Gladys Lehman got together on the story.

THE WHITE COCKATOO
•
WARNERS

How about a murder or two for a change?

Two minutes after registering at a hotel, Ricardo Cortez is up to his neck in dead bodies, screams in the night, vanishing Jean Muirs, and things like that.

If Ric had been smart, he'd have kept his Grecian schnozzle out of the whole mess. But, if somebody stabbed a perfect stranger with the hour hand off your very own clock and left the body lying around where you either had to step over it every time you turned around, or else . . .? Well, anyhow, our hero decides to play a one-man game of Scotland Yard. Just for the fun of it.

Jean Muir has inherited a fortune from her dead parents, and that, my friends, is the cause of it all.

There's a missing brother, a mysterious doctor, the funny-acting hotel proprietor and his wife, and a white cockatoo, all mixed up in the monkey business. Furthermore, everybody behaves so peculiarly that you just can't trust any of them.

On the Set with Coming Pictures

In the end, however, it takes the cockatoo to help Cortez bring the guilty man to justice, and, how he does it is something Papa Warner would kill me for telling! Which would be another murder. Which would be one too many, the way things are now.

Mignon Eberhardt concocted this tale and Alan Crosland directs.

Did you ever see a cockatoo stooging? Well, *I* did! Two of 'em, in fact.

The script called for a bird that was beautiful, could sing, and do tricks, all at once. There were plenty of beautiful cockatoos; some that could sing nicely, but only a very few able to perform capably.

Consequently, to get the desired effect, Warners were obliged to rent three birds, at so much per day per head. And we'll bet you won't know the difference!

PASSPORT TO FAME
•
COLUMBIA

Mistaken identity is always a good skeleton on which to drape the earthly remains of a story. This version, by W. R. Burnett, has to do with a meek and timid hardware clerk (Edward G. Robinson), who looks so much like a big, bad gangster (Edward G. Robinson) that he's always being thrown in jail and given the third degree until he can prove the difference.

To save a lot of time and trouble, the district attorney gives him a letter, a sort of passport, that will identify him to any officer as Jones, precluding the possibility of his being arrested as Mannion, the Killer.

However, at the point of a gun, the Killer relieves Jones of the passport and carries on with his life of crime, thoroughly protected from the law.

Jones has been in love with Jean Arthur for a long time, but, spineless critter that he is, never had the courage to mention it.

But, when the real tough mug kidnaps Jean, along with Eddie's aunt, well, it sort of brings out the Jesse James in our hero and does he go to town with those bandits?

Anyhow, Eddie's a grand guy. Ask Wallace Ford and Director John Ford.

Revamping the Stars

(*Continued from page* 4)

that are worn only on the set, before the camera.

"'Your face is lopsided,' they told me next," Sullavan went on to say. "'Your mouth droops on the right side and your jaw is lower there than on the left.' They fixed that in the make-up department, although I was afraid they were going to send me to a hospital and carve a new jaw for me. They put lipstick on the corner of my mouth and painted the right eyebrow higher than the left, and that raised my face on the right side. As a matter of fact, I'm not kicking. They did a really good job there. I appreciate it. When I get around to putting on make-up for an occasional party, I follow out the studio's ideas, and the effect is really rather good. I believe that if most women would really study their faces, they could work miracles, because whatever beauty I have is certainly *not* God-given. It's a studio job."

As a matter of fact, this make-em-over racket is one of Hollywood's main jobs. There are scores of people whose sole business is to make 'em what they ain't. There's a dentist on Hollywood Boulevard to whom more stars owe their fame. He's got a big photograph of Clark Gable, grinning that swell tooth-showing grin of his, on which Clark has frankly written an autograph and the statement that the teeth aren't his own but the doctor's. Plastic surgeons have their Hollywood office walls hung with pictures of stars before and after. An ear-tacking down or a nose-straightening job isn't their only work either. You'd be surprised at the things they've lifted on certain stars!

And the make-up men!—why, they ought to rename them the make-star men. Just the other day, I dropped in on Perc Westmore, Warner's topnotch make-up champion, and he was all fagged out.

"What's the matter, Perc," I asked.

"Katie," he groaned, "I've just made another beautiful star, and I'm all tired out."

"So I asked him to tell me about it. What he meant was that he had been making over a beauty via the hairdress and make-up method, until she was so beautiful she didn't know herself. And besides, he added, she was a rather rare case . . .

"Josephine Hutchinson, the gal who played 'Alice in Wonderland' in Eva LeGallienne's New York production," Perc explained. "She was unique in that she came to Hollywood willing to learn, instead of thinking she knew everything about being beautiful."

So she and Perc co-operated, and how! They made 30 different tests of hairdress alone—every one a movie test! They made another 14 tests—all movies—of make-up! That's 44 tests alone on just those two branches, exclusive of all the walking and talking and emotion-registering tests!

When the tests were done, they ran them off before the studio big shots—hours of pictures of Josephine Hutchinson. And out of that welter, they chose the best—and the result, wait till you see her on the screen.

"She's not beautiful herself," Perc says with professional frankness, "but she's a perfect subject for make-up.

"And because she was, herself, so neutral, we have been able to make her over into a creature so glamorous and so colorful that my own wife wants to know how many hours a day I spend with her in the make-up department and what we're doing!"

"Is that the regular process for all these newly-signed stars, Perc?" I asked.

"My gawd, Katie," he grunted, "you've seen those before-and-after pictures of Joan Crawford and Garbo and Shearer and Dietrich and the rest of them, haven't you? They had to go through it themselves. God or Mother Nature did a pretty good job to start with, of course, but where they left off, we began.

"As a matter of fact, there isn't a gal in the world, no matter how beautiful, who can't be improved by a make-up man and a dentist and a hairdresser and a few of our boys. And if a girl wants to study enough she can do the same things to herself."



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Like magic, Winx Mascara, the superior lash darkener, improves your appearance! You'll wonder why you didn't accept my help sooner. Your friends—particularly "he"—will find you doubly attractive.

TO MAKE MEN STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

I want every girl to give herself a chance on the road to romance—to win real happiness. Remember, your eyes are your fortune. So buy a box of my Winx Mascara *today*—it's super-fine, safe, non-smarting, smudge-proof—the perfection of years of experience.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Millions of smart girls prefer them to ordinary ones. So will you, I'm sure.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them." It's free. Also send for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

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A TRUE STORY



By AN OHIO MOTHER

Who tells of a simple aid to good health and a beautiful complexion

When children grow up with fine complexions and are "pictures of health," mother usually has contributed some good sound advice. We thank Mrs. Leo Platteborze of 22 Euclid Avenue, Struthers, Ohio, for her letter, below, telling what she found so essential in bringing up strong, healthy children:

"I am enclosing a photograph of my two oldest children in babyhood. They were both Nujol babies.

"I started my newest baby on it when she was three months old and she has a fair complexion and is just as regular as the rest of us.

"The only disease the children have had has been measles and no bad after effects developed. They certainly are the pictures of health and I have always felt that we owe our gratitude and our 'regular health habits' to Nujol.

"We are constant users of Nujol. I always have an extra bottle on hand. It has kept us healthy all through the long hard winter we had. Our habits were regular.

"I really do think all children would be healthier if they were given Nujol —also grownups. It has done wonders for me. I have used it for a dozen years. Our boy is 12 years and sure is strong and very healthy. I really just *couldn't* keep house without Nujol."

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You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 40)

Ziegfeld in judging an actor's ability. Mr. Ziegfeld must have been indeed stupid and blind to single out Fields as an inimitable comedian.

As for his beauty; they say that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, and surely such a severe critic as yourself should be able to detect the goodliness and cleverness beaming from his kindly face. As for brains—you wouldn't dare dispute the fact that a man drawing thousands a week is one of lower intelligence.

Every knock is a boost, so up goes Fields two notches in my estimation. I hope the other readers will agree with me. So, to you, W. C., a crown as the King of Comedians and may you continue until my grandchildren fight to see your next picture. To you, Mrs. Vito—phooey!—*Mrs. Robert Bentley, 127 S. 18th Avenue, Maywood, Illinois.*

All right, Mrs. Bentley, but if Mrs. Vito comes back at you now—by golly, we'll print her letter!

And Another!

THE critics who annoy me most are those who want all actors to look, act and be just like their personal favorites of the present moment. And so I say to Mrs. D. E. Vito of California, I, too, enjoy Edward Everett Horton, but I also think W. C. Fields as funny in his line and as great an artist in his way. Each is a genius, but who wants them alike, or wants to see them too often? W. C. Fields is inimitable as the gentlemanly, shrewd half-crook. His expositions of universal, human, low-brow "cussedness" are comically burlesqued in just the right proportions, so that the audience can take it and like it and, perhaps, benefit by it. I would like to see W. C. Fields play the part of the immortal Colonel Sellers of Mark Twain's "The Gilded Age." I never see him in action without thinking of that remarkable character. — *Emeroi C. Stacy, 1005 S. W. Park Avenue, Portland, Oregon.*

Come on, Mrs. Vito! You tell 'em! We're on the sidelines.

The Stars Who Sing

AND they say people do not like good music any more! This is what happened in Sacramento. At a theater here, Grace Moore in "One Night of Love" is in its sixth week. An unheard thing for even the very best of pictures, and likely not to end then. I sincerely hope to see all of the cast together in another picture. They are excellent.—*Mrs. K. Yeargin 1517 26th Street, Sacramento, California.*

For years, Mrs. Yeargin, producers insisted no one would listen to fine music on the screen. They have been taught a much-needed lesson.

The One Who Is Gone

YOUR recent article, "Can Pauline Lord take Marie Dressler's Place?" presented an interesting and thought-provoking question. Miss Lord gave a splendid interpretation of Mrs. Wiggs, but despite her great ability as an actress, I do not think that Miss Lord will find Dressler roles a medium for her work. As your article wisely says, no one can actually take another's place. To my mind, the Dressler type of roles *could* be played by Louise Dresser. Some of her brusque statements and gestures used in "The Scarlet Empress" were reminiscent of the Dressler idiosyncrasies.—*Mrs. Helen Brink Glover, 210 East Fourth Street, Frankfort, Kentucky.*

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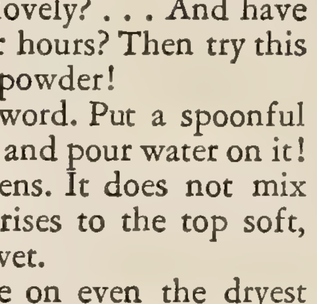
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As the months pass, people are realizing more and more that there will never be anyone who is quite our dear Marie.

The Fairy Princess

IF I were an illustrator for a volume of fairy tales, I'd choose lovely Helen Twelvetrees as my "mental picture" model for each and every fairy princess! Even if Helen were *not* the great actress she really *is,* I'd still love her for her fragile, blond beauty and plaintive voice—for her calm and unpublicized private life—for the struggles she has endured to attain her present stellar position.

Knowing that Helen *is* a true, dramatic artist, and that she has a long list of excellent performances to her credit—I wonder why the producers can't find another "Grand Parade" type of story for her? How could anyone forget Helen's magnificent portrayal of the unfaithful musician's downtrodden wife?

I've also visualized Helen as an enchanting "Lady of the Lake" in a talkie-version of that classic.—*Mrs. Lula Weber, Ursa, Illinois.*

It is to be hoped that Helen's run of bad luck will let up soon.

More on Moore

SUPERLATIVES suddenly seem inadequate when trying to describe "One Night of Love" with Grace Moore in the starring role! I thought I'd seen and heard everything worth while! But Miss Moore brings a distinctly new type of personality to the screen to say nothing of the most glorious voice this side of heaven! Deftly worked into the picture as *natural* sequences Miss Moore sings several of the most beautiful arias ever written. Her voice holds a promise of new thrills for millions of music and picture lovers. "One Night of Love" will make screen history! Thanks, Columbia, for giving us such a rare treat!—*Mrs. Charles Toles, 514 North Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado.*

Read our "Forecast" in this issue, Mrs. Toles. You may soon have lots of grand opera on the screen.

The Tender Years

WHILE I believe that the revelation of ages of our favorite movie actresses and actors in the recent issue under "Battle of the Ages" proved interesting reading matter to most of us, I found some of their ages seemingly tender.

I would advise some of the "Boys" and "Girls" to have another peep at their birth certificates.—*Marie R. Eber, 1356 West 64 Street, Chicago, Illinois.*

The records are open to anyone, Marie.

Gary's Appeal

A GREAT big cheer for Gary Cooper for his very fine performance in "Now and Forever."

I can readily understand why most of the actresses want him as their leading man. He has what appeals to every woman.

As Shirley Temple's father in this picture, he played the part to perfection.

I, for one, would like to see more pictures with Gary Cooper as leading man.—*Mrs. John Glenzer, 7111 Campania Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

He has a great appeal for men, too, Mrs. Glenzer.

Gable-Novarro-Howard

I JUST read your article in the December number of NEW MOVIE on Gable, Novarro and Howard. When I attend a Gable movie, which is every time there is one, it is to a packed house.

You Tell Us

Give us more Gable pictures, please. We surely get our money's worth. —*Mrs. Lucy Lucier, Augusta, Maine.*

And how about poor Leslie and Ramon?

Jean's Fine Work

ONE of the most delightfully entertaining pictures I've seen lately is "Have a Heart."

Jean Parker's fine work in this proves that her great performance in "Little Women" was no mere flash-in-the-pan. Capably assisted by the irrepressible James Dunn, droll Una Merkel and the uproariously comical Stuart Erwin, Miss Parker makes of "Have a Heart" a memorable film.

Laughter, tears, disaster and triumph are blended with consummate skill into a creation appealing to young and old alike. It is so clean and aboveboard that even the most indigo of censors will scent no sinners within its confines. —*Mrs. Karl Penington, Blountstown, Florida.*

Yes, Jean really seems to be one of the stars who will last.

Light or Heavy—Which?

THE return of George Arliss to light comedy roles is in itself a matter for cheers. But that he should have been so fortunate as to find so suitable a part in his latest hit, "The Last Gentleman," is another opportunity for more cheers. It again proves that Mr. Arliss does his memorable work in light comedy pictures like the type of "The Millionaire," "Working Man," etc.—*Mrs. S. Gooze, 25 East Mosholu Parkway, Bronx, New York.*

When you see his newest, the Gaumont-British picture "The Iron Duke," maybe you'll change your mind, Mrs. Gooze.

An Unusual Letter

THERE is one type of picture that must be a relief and joy to the censors. It is also a type that can be enjoyed by every age and class of people. That is the "Travel Talks."

"Tulip Time in Holland" was beautiful and the coloring excellent. Everyone who saw it spoke of it with pleasure. I have seen other travel pictures and thoroughly enjoy this type of short subject, but "Tulip Time in Holland" I consider the most beautiful to date.

Let's have more "Travel Talks."—*Mrs. Wm. B. McGee, 220 Page Avenue, Orlando, Florida.*

Some of the short subjects are really excellent. We agree, Mrs. McGee. Isn't it a shame that the theaters fill out their programs with so many bad, boring ones?

Laurels

LAURELS to the Gaumont-British film, "Little Friend," featuring Nova Pilbeam. It is the most interesting picture yet made on what happens to the children when their parents divorce. And Miss Pilbeam's touching performance certainly stamps her as a grand little actress. Please, NEW MOVIE, let's have Elsie Janis do a Nova Pilbeam story.—*Pearl Skulnick, 572 Powell Street, Brooklyn, New York.*

Nova has gone back to England, Pearl, but she may come over again soon.

Clever

FOR those of us timid of the formalities of opera, accustomed as we are to the banalities of accessible jazz. "One Night of Love" is a welcome experience. Grace Moore with her glorious voice and complete naturalness as an actress will do much to popularize this type of music. Fans all over the world, recognizing her achievement, are crying "La Moore, Toujours La Moore." —*Adine Travis, 5200 Blackstone, Chicago, Illinois.*

Grace Moore herself would get a chuckle out of your pun, Adine.

The Crusade

CRITICS, radio artists, newspapers, yea, even the movie magazines, joined in ridiculing the Crusade for Decency; yet, despite this allied, ignorant ridicule, the Crusaders are winning their heroic fight.

Already the studios have realized that movie-going people are 99% in favor of pictures which, as of yore, entertain, instruct, and inspire, without degenerating their morals.—*J. Walter Le Bon, 2029 Ursulines Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

NEW MOVIE *didn't ridicule it. And you're right. The crusade has won its fight.*

Personality Plus

HATS off to Josephine Hutchinson, the new star! What a team she and Dick Powell make in "Happiness Ahead!" What looks, what charm and what a smile! Add them all together and they equal personality plus. People can have their Dietrichs, Garbos and Crawfords, but give me a girl who has pep, vim and vigor such as Josephine has. I am sure other people also agree with me that she is on her way up the ladder of success. Give the people "Happiness Ahead" by letting them see more and more of this wonderful actress.—*Edna Johnson, 300 Gramatan Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York.*

Do our ears deceive us, or is this a boost? Gosh!

Hail!

HAIL, Gloria!

"Here's one little girl we simply can't forget. Her brand new picture, "Music in the Air," shows us the true actress and singer she really is.

Swanson has a splendid singing voice, which we greatly appreciate. She will probably stand a wonderful chance of crashing the gates of grand opera. Just give her plenty of rope and she will.

Yes, we remember her back in the old DeMille days. Who doesn't?—*Lyle Dean Scott, 1738 Northwest 3d Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

Gloria is one of those girls you just can't lick, Lyle.

One Night of Love

AFTER seeing "One Night of Love" and hearing the audience's reaction, I am fully convinced that the theater public *is* educated. The applause following the arias from "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" showed wholehearted appreciation of one of the finest phases in movie development—the introduction of art.

If "One Night of Love" doesn't receive the medal for the year's best musical picture, it will only be because those of us who saw it hesitate to place it in the same category with other musical pictures. The possibilities that film has opened for future artistic productions are amazing. Thank you, Mr. Director.—*Mary Cohen, 70 K. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.*

You'll be interested in reading the other letters about the picture.



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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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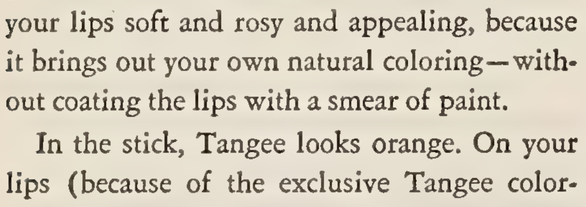
•Dick Powell actually making the lipstick test between scenes of **"Flirtation Walk"**, a **Warner Brothers** picture.

● "I work with girls made up in grease paint all day long", Dick Powell explained. "In the studio you've got to have it. But off the lot, I don't like it—there's no romance in lips with that hard, coarse, look. No man cares for 'painted' lips."

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New Movie Forecast for 1935

(*Continued from page 29*)

competition nor censorship. Leaves Fox this year for a short vacation over at M-G-M, where he may star in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness."

JOE E. BROWN! Has the same attraction for the family trade. His amazing popularity is curious. He numbers so many children among his fans that he has become an idol.

WALLACE BEERY! Has slipped a point or two from his high place of the previous year. "The Great Barnum" should make his position secure in 1935.

GEORGE ARLISS! Elevated into one of the ten most popular box-office stars of his sex, owes his new standing solely to the thriving popularity of "House of Rothschild." Distinctly a prestige star with a direct appeal for the intelligentsia. His present high box-office rating to be only temporary.

LESLIE HOWARD! In spite of a long list of successful pictures during the past twelve months, did not make the grade of being listed among the top drawing-cards. Fits perfectly into the new trend. Will go romantic in 1935, playing not only "Beau Brummel," but perhaps "Anthony Adverse" as well.

CLARK GABLE! His flair for comedy was one of the surprises of the year. "It Happened One Night" a great boom to his popularity. Ranking first among the male stars, he might easily recapture the laurels in 1935 if his producers give him the same type of human characterizations which won him the honors last year.

WILLIAM POWELL! He too, has won a tremendous new vogue as a suave comedian. Because of his rapidly building popularity and the long list of assignments committed to him for 1935, he will undoubtedly become one of the leading contenders for first honors.

FRED ASTAIRE! There's a name you're going to see in big lights this year. With a mere bit in "Flying Down to Rio" practically stole the picture. In "The Gay Divorcée," a sensation! Radio pictures have the biggest star bet of the year in him.

MAURICE CHEVALIER, GARY COOPER and GEORGE RAFT, who have previously rated among the top-notchers, are in less favorable positions as the year begins. With the exception of Cooper, there is doubt about the other two recovering lost points.

WARNER BAXTER, RONALD COLMAN, PAUL MUNI, EDMUND LOWE, JACK HOLT and RICARDO CORTEZ remain reliable gold-bonders.

PREFERRED PLAYERS

THE majority of players listed in this category are high-salaried featured performers who are not quite stars. Most of them are under contract, being farmed out regularly to other companies at enormous increases in the weekly stipend. Their values fluctuate throughout the year, depending upon the roles they play. They make so many pictures that inevitably they hit one that sends their stock skyrocketing up again. Sometimes they do better when away from the home lot.

CAROLE LOMBARD, MAY ROBSON, BETTE DAVIS and GEORGE BRENT are three good examples of stereotyped understars, who on their home lots bordered on mediocrity but were sensations on loan-out assignments. Miss Lombard, on leave from Paramount, clicked big at Columbia in "Twentieth Century," as did May Robson, loaned by M-G-M to play in "Lady for a Day" and "Lady by Choice." Miss Davis scored a real triumph at RKO in the lead opposite Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage" and returned to Warner Brothers virtually a full-fledged star. Brent, an ordinary leading-man at Warners, turned in an ace performance as a light comedian in "Stamboul Quest" at M-G-M and was retained to play opposite Garbo in "Painted Veil." His home studio rates him now as the white-haired boy of 1935.

Add HERBERT MARSHALL and CHARLES LAUGHTON to this list, and bet your money that they will be Gold-Bond stars before the year is over.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, JEAN MUIR, KITTY CARLISLE and MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN face a brilliant year. Particularly Miss Hopkins, who should rise to new heights under the deft management of Samuel Goldwyn.

ELISSA LANDI, GINGER ROGERS, LORETTA YOUNG and JOAN BENNETT have come out of their doldrums. They'll be more and more preferred as the year grows older. Take a chance too on VERREE TEASDALE, RUBY KEELER, UNA MERKLE, ALICE FAYE and HELEN MACK. And don't forget GERTRUDE MICHAEL. She'll be an expensive gold-bond some day.

High hopes were held out a year ago by their sponsors for FRANCHOT TONE, GENE RAYMOND, FRANCIS LEDERER, DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY, CARY GRANT and JIMMY DURANTE. However their positions on the Hollywood stockboard remain stationary. Lederer may move up if he does "Three Musketeers."

SALLY EILERS, MADGE EVANS, ANN DVORAK and JOAN BLONDELL have missed their chance for stardom. Miss Blondell's muchly publicized determination to retire in favor of domesticity has particularly lessened the interest of the fans in her work. She could be tops with the right material.

Among the character players EDNA MAY OLIVER is still the favorite of all the major studios. She has achieved a popularity that rivals some of the stars whom she supports. Her salary is one of the largest on the cinema payrolls. Decidedly preferred for a long time to come.

Her closest rival, ZASU PITTS, has hurt herself with too many pictures and too much repetition of characterization. She should pick her roles more carefully this year. Danger ahead.

MARY BOLAND carries on a sprightly rivalry with ALICE BRADY and BILLIE BURKE, with Miss Boland slightly in the lead.

GUY KIBBEE and WALTER CONNOLLY are both on the verge of stardom. W. C. FIELDS is an important marquee name already. LEO CARRILLO and CHARLES BUTTERWORTH are to be given starring opportunities at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

ALINE MacMAHON has had too many dull roles of unrequited love. Property cast she could be one of the most brilliant comediennes on the screen. In type she is unlike any other young character actress.

ALISON SKIPWORTH, BERYL MERCER and LIONEL BARRYMORE have all lost considerable ground in the past few months.

PAULINE LORD looms as a figure of promise and importance.

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New Movie Forecast for 1935

to hatch. Their quotations begin at zero and very often climb into the Gold-Bond class overnight. Garbo was once a 'new face.' So were Hepburn, Gable, Dietrich and even Mary Pickford. They were the lucky gambles. But there are thousands of new faces that marched in the procession of glory for a few fleeting moments—and are now but stardust in oblivious space.

Hot tips on new faces are useless. One never knows how they are going to turn out until they are actually reproduced in celluloid. A new face can mean anything from an imported foreign star to a Broadway celebrity. Where the foreign star and the Broadway celebrity often fail, an unknown, inexperienced little extra girl will sweep into instantaneous success. It's like horse-racing. Get a hunch, and stick to it.

Last year dozens of new faces were introduced to film fans with the unusual fanfare. Some made a few pictures, and were soon dropped into the quicksands of Hollywood. Others were impressive, but still lacked the indefinable qualities that made a lasting screen personality. In this class were GLORIA STUART, PERT KELTON, LANNY ROSS, FRANCES DRAKE, CLAIRE TREVOR, GRACE BRADLEY, IDA LUPINO, BUSTER CRABBE, JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, JOHN LODGE, STEFFI DUNA, TALA BIRELL, JUDITH ALLEN, BRUCE CABOT, ADRIENNE AMES and many others.

From Broadway this year come RUTH GORDON, the comedienne who starred in "Church Mouse," HENRY FONDA, ex-husband of Margaret Sullavan, PEGGY CONKLIN, who makes her debut in "The Vanishing President," JAMES BARTON, who succeeded Henry Hull in "Tobacco Road," QUEENIE SMITH, in whom Paramount puts great faith, and FLORENCE RICE, being highly touted at Columbia.

From abroad both ROBERT DONAT and CHARLES BOYER are returning to continue their careers in Hollywood, while M-G-M is bringing over the great British actress, CONSTANCE COLLIER.

New faces today! Famous names tomorrow! Which of them will click? How many will become stars? In Hollywood, where lives crumble in a day and destinies change in an hour, who can say? Fate sticks her hand into the grab bag, and no one knows what she is going to pull out.

COMMON-STOCK DARK HORSES

IN every race there is a dark horse. He seldom wins—but when he does—it's NEWS! A dark horse comes unsuspectingly to victory—an undiscovered comet in the firmament of stars shooting like wildfire into the limelight. Dark horses have all the romance of the Cinderella myth being the living symbol of the rags-to-riches fairy tale. In the race to fame they often prove meteors that flame brilliantly for a moment in a crowded sky. Hollywood remembers Ruth Taylor, Betty Bronson and more recently Charlotte Henry, as such. Unheralded, they flare into a blaze of glory and go their way to oblivion. But they give zest to the monotonous routine, and are one of the most interesting features of Hollywood's design for living.

Here are a few names you may want to remember: Winifred Shaw, William Henry, James Ellison, Agnes Anderson, Gwen Gilly, Julie Hayden, June Clayworth, Iris Adrian, Phil Regan, Hugh Enfield, Marian Mansfield, Fred Keating, Diana Lewis, Erik Blore, Cesar Romero, Helen Westley. Cesar Romero has been given a lead opposite Dietrich; and Katherine DeMille, Elizabeth Allan and Toby Wing are already fairly well known for supporting roles. It is necessary to put them among the dark horses because their own sponsors do not seem to realize their possibilities.

The DeMille girl is a younger 1935 edition of Nita Naldi, who with the right role will prove a revelation. Miss Allan has given evidence of her dramatic powers as the nurse in "Men in White."

PRODUCTION PLANS FOR 1935

THE three greatest box-office successes of the year just ended were "It Happened One Night," "The Thin Man," and "One Night of Love," with "Little Women" close in the lead. Most of the major producers are taking their cue from these screenplays in gauging audience-appetite for the 1935 programs. You may expect to see many films patterned after the treatments of these outstanding productions. Human comedy tempered with inoffensive sex situations will be the keynote. In addition, every literary classic with screen possibilities will be perused for screening, while several musical pictures are planned to duplicate the popular appeal of "One Night Of Love," in which for the first time, Grand Opera, stripped of its high-brow tendencies, was served to a music-hungry public in popular form.

Never, in any one year, since the invention of the motion picture machine by Thomas A. Edison, have so many classical dramas been announced. At least six stories by Charles Dickens are promised, three by Kipling, three by Sir James Barrie, and at least one apiece from the pens of other illustrious names in literature. There will be many costume pictures. At least a half dozen productions in color are announced; among these, "Vanity Fair" with Miriam Hopkins in the role of Becky Sharpe, Dumas' "Three Musketeers" in which Francis Lederer will impersonate D'Artagnan, "Peacock's Feather," a classical Greek drama with Ann Harding, "The Last Days of Pompeii," at least a portion of "The Good Earth," and the Walt Disney feature "Snow White."

Gangster and underworld dramas will be conspicuous by their absence, except in cases where the subject is made farcical as in "The Gay Bride," in which Carole Lombard and Chester Morris are co-starred, and "Public Enemy Number Two," which will feature Charles Butterworth in a hilarious burlesque of fare that the screen up to now has taken seriously.

TRENDS AND CYCLES

RURAL settings will predominate in many pictures, and domestic comedy will be stressed. Children will abound on every program, and will sprout like mushrooms into overnight stars. Biographical dramas announced for last season, and abandoned, will no doubt reach fulfillment this year, with every major studio planning at least two such historical portraits. There will be mystery pictures galore; many given a light treatment along the lines

(*Please turn to page 72*)

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



IT'S THAT HARD-TO-GET-AT "SECOND LAYER" OF DIRT THAT MAKES YOUR SKIN COARSE AND GRAY

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

A Penetrating Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores—doesn't stop half way.

Going to work on the waxy dirt, it breaks it up—*dissolves* it—and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin.

When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Let your own skin tell you how different this face cream is from any you have ever tried.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (9)
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Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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*Address*_____

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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MILDLY MENTHOLATED

Cigarettes

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THE FINISHING TOUCH

Ho! . . for the season of galoshes, sneezes, sniffles—and overheated rooms. Hurray for KOOLS, the cigarette that refreshes and soothes your sorely tried winter throat! Mildly mentholated: your throat never gets dry. Cork-tipped: KOOLS don't stick to your lips. B & W coupon in each pack good for gilt-edge Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

New Movie Forecast for 1935

(*Continued from page* 71)

of "Thin Man," eliminating the horror picture altogether, except in a case like Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," which Universal has announced.

There will be the usual quota of musicals featuring such stars and crooners as Bing Crosby, Dick Powell, Rudy Vallee, Lanny Ross, Carl Brisson, Helen Morgan, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Maurice Chevalier, Fred Astaire and the Marx Brothers. But there will also be a new group of musical stars of a high calibre, such as Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons, Lucienne Boyer, Irene Dunne, Richard Bonelli, Evelyn Laye, Lawrence Tibbett, Mary Ellis and Kitty Carlisle.

FOREIGN PRODUCTION

England is out to corner the world market with its motion picture productions. It promises Hollywood the toughest competition it has had since the furor over the old *Ufa* films from Germany, which brought Pola Negri and Emil Jannings to the attention of American audiences and focused Hollywood eyes upon Ernst Lubitsch.

Where Germany was limited because of its totally different language and customs, England can produce films for the entire English-speaking world without such obstacles to overcome.

Already London is beginning to rival Hollywood as a motion-picture production center. In its environs several large studios are already built and plans are being made for the construction of more, to take care of the rapidly increasing schedule. The English public have gone movie crazy, and are behind the movement not only in spirit, but financially, having recently oversubscribed several millions of dollars in a large stock issue. English producers can now compete with Hollywood not only in salaries, but in quality of production as well. Alexander Korda, an ex-Hollywood director, has made London picture-conscious as it has never been before, by producing such hits as "Henry the Eighth" and "Catherine the Great," as well as the new Douglas Fairbanks picture, "The Return of Don Juan." British International, Gaumont-British and Korda productions are at present the leaders in the foreign motion picture industry. Their program for 1935 totals millions of dollars in expenditure for the very best of stories and stars.

Maurice Chevalier, Charles Laughton and Clive Brook will each make several pictures for Korda. Douglas Fairbanks is signed for more. Other Hollywood stars now making pictures in London studios are Laura La Plante, Lupe Velez, Anna May Wong, Buddy Rogers, Phillips Holmes, Adrienne Ames, Buster Keaton, Lily Damita, William Gargan, Leslie Howard, George Arliss, Gregory Ratoff, Richard Bennett; with many more engaged to follow.

In addition England is developing its own group of box-office names, such as Jack Buchanan, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Madeleine Carroll, Victoria Hopper, Cicely Courtneidge, Gladys Cooper, John Loder, Zelma O'Neal, Anna Neagle, Jack Hulbert, Nova Pilbeam and others.

France, Italy and Spain are all more actively engaged in motion picture production than in many years. Germany, once the leading manufacturer of films abroad, has lost most of her great stars and directors under the Nazi rule, being reduced to a third-rate competitor.



Alone *at first,*



popular *at last*

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

If you're lonely . . . as I used to be . . . if you long to have more dates, let Blue Waltz Perfume lead you to happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious...there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true ...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Brilliantine, Cream Rouge, Talcum Powder, Toilet Water. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Blue Waltz

PERFUME AND COSMETICS

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

PREDICTIONS FOR 1935

Russia is making great progress. Some day she may rival England as Hollywood's menace.

Eastern production will boom this year, with a greater number of pictures made in New York studios than in many seasons past. To the writer-producer unit of Hecht and MacArthur will be added Moss Hart and Kaufman, famous playwrights. The Fox eastern studio will re-open, and out on Long Island Franklin productions will make pictures with George M. Cohan, Eva Le Gallienne, Lucienne Boyer, the Parisian songstress, and Yvonne Printemps, idol of the Paris stage. To these add many more units as the year proceeds.

Though it will be vigorously denied, you can expect to hear Charlie Chaplin's voice for the first time when his new film, "The Street Waif," is released some time late in the year.

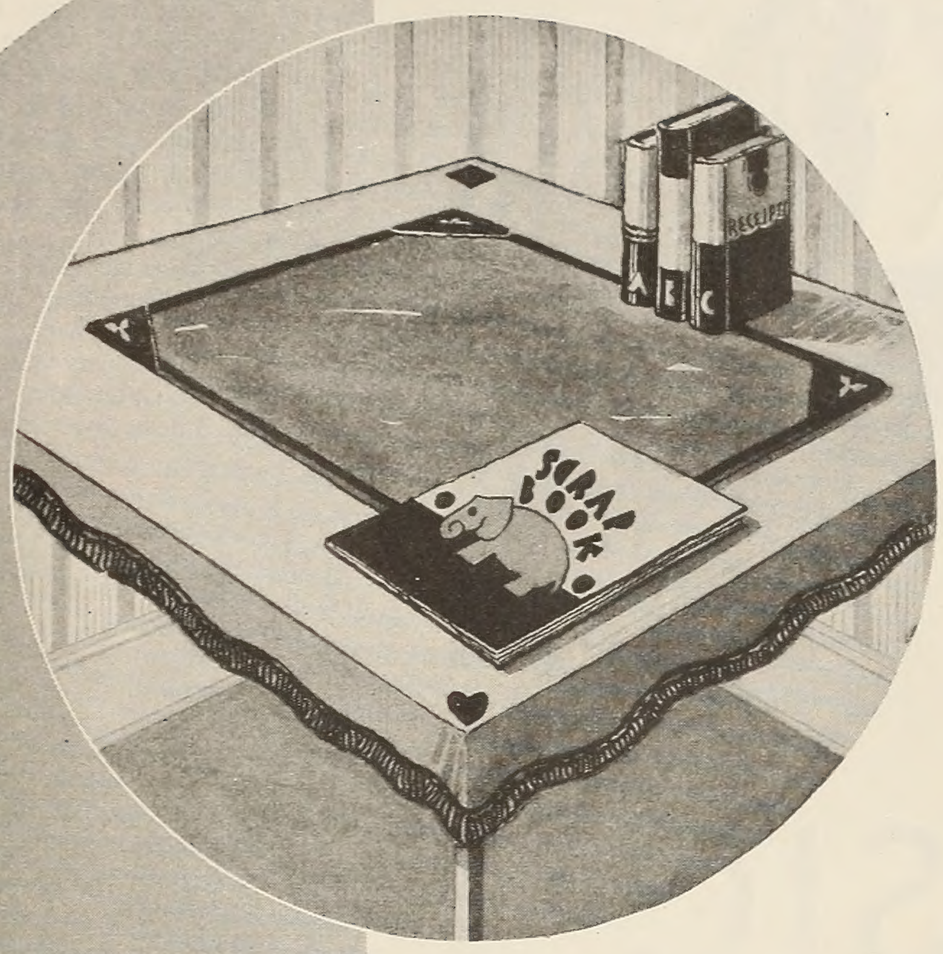
Real opera in the movies! We have already predicted that for 1935. An inside tip informs us that Paramount is planning to film "Cavalleria Rusticana" perhaps with Helen Gahagan as the featured star, while at Columbia they are toying with the idea of letting Grace Moore do the exquisite "La Boheme," and at RKO, where Lily Pons is now under contract, Puccini's "Mañon" is being seriously discussed as an introductory vehicle. Jeritza too holds a contract with one of the major studios.

Dramatic animated cartoons in feature length, and in color! They are promised for this year. Already Walt Disney is at work on "Snow White," with "Gulliver's Travels" penciled in as a follow-up.

Negro stars of the movies! They loom as an accepted fact for 1935. Practically every major studio has a negro actor under contract. Their roles are gaining steadily in importance, with the trend definitely away from "Uncle Tom" type of characterization. The New York stage has created a modern new negro drama and dramatists, successfully producing such plays as "Porgy," "Harlem," "The Green Pastures," and more recently, "Stevedore." In pictures King Vidor attempted negro drama several years ago with his unsuccessful, "Hallelujah!", and consequently further plans for such pictures were abandoned. But the prejudice against the serious treatment of negro life is passing, and the motion picture producers will follow in the footsteps of their New York brothers in establishing a cinematic negro drama. Universal is the first with "Imitation of Life," Fannie Hurst's great novel, in which a clever colored actress, Louise Beavers, has a role second only in importance to Claudette Colbert.

Government schools to teach acting and writing! The statement sounds like an announcement from the Soviet press. But it is something that may become an actuality in the United States before 1936 comes to pass. New York State is the first to open such a school, giving tuition without any charge to ambitious people who feel they have a talent for either acting, directing or writing. The course of training is four years. At the end of that time graduation classes will be held; a play staged by the graduating class, to which will be invited motion picture talent scouts, as well as producers, from all the studios in Hollywood and New York. Should the experiment give promise of success the idea will undoubtedly spread to other states, and may eventually prove the short-cut road to Hollywood glory for those that display genius.

1935 Marches On!



SMART, NEW, COLORFUL and CONVENIENT

things to make FROM OILCLOTH

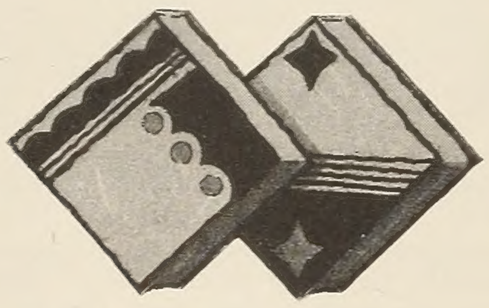
By FRANCES COWLES

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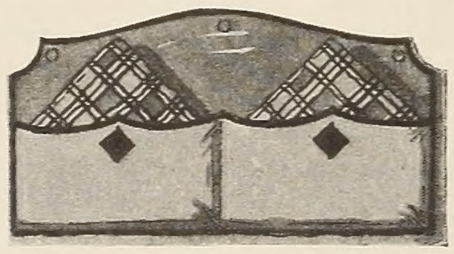
Fe.366. Inexpensive oilcloth covers for your bridge tables.

Fe.367. Scrap books made of oilcloth with contrasting appliqué.

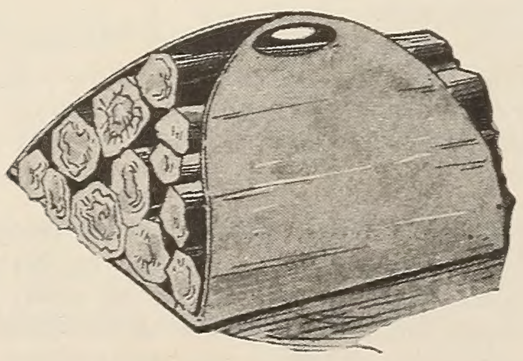
Fe.368. Practical desk blotter with oilcloth frame.



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Fe.370. For the kitchen, a case for paper pad and pot holders.



Fe.371. For the fireside, a flexible wood basket made from oilcloth.

If you would like patterns and directions for making these gifts, please turn to page 55.



Sunny Golden Hair for YOU!

Lustrous golden hair softens and flatters the face and head. Keep your head dainty with Marchand's, and the rest of the body as dainty as the head. Marchand's makes dark excess hair unnoticeable—like the light, invisible down on the blonde's skin. Limbs now appear dainty and attractive through the sheerest of stockings. Remember: where dark "superfluous" hair doesn't help, Marchand's does!

Marchand's is perfectly safe; it is not a dye or powder. Satisfactory results over a period of years have shown that it does not wash out or come off. It has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required.

Women of culture and sophistication, professional beauties of the stage and screen praise Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle from *your* druggist today.

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(for all shades of hair)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—on the request of any regular user of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Don't bother to send labels. Just check your answers in the coupon below. Mail it to us. Your bottle of Castile Shampoo will be sent you—without charge or obligation.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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Please send me the FREE trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo. The answers to your questions are as follows.

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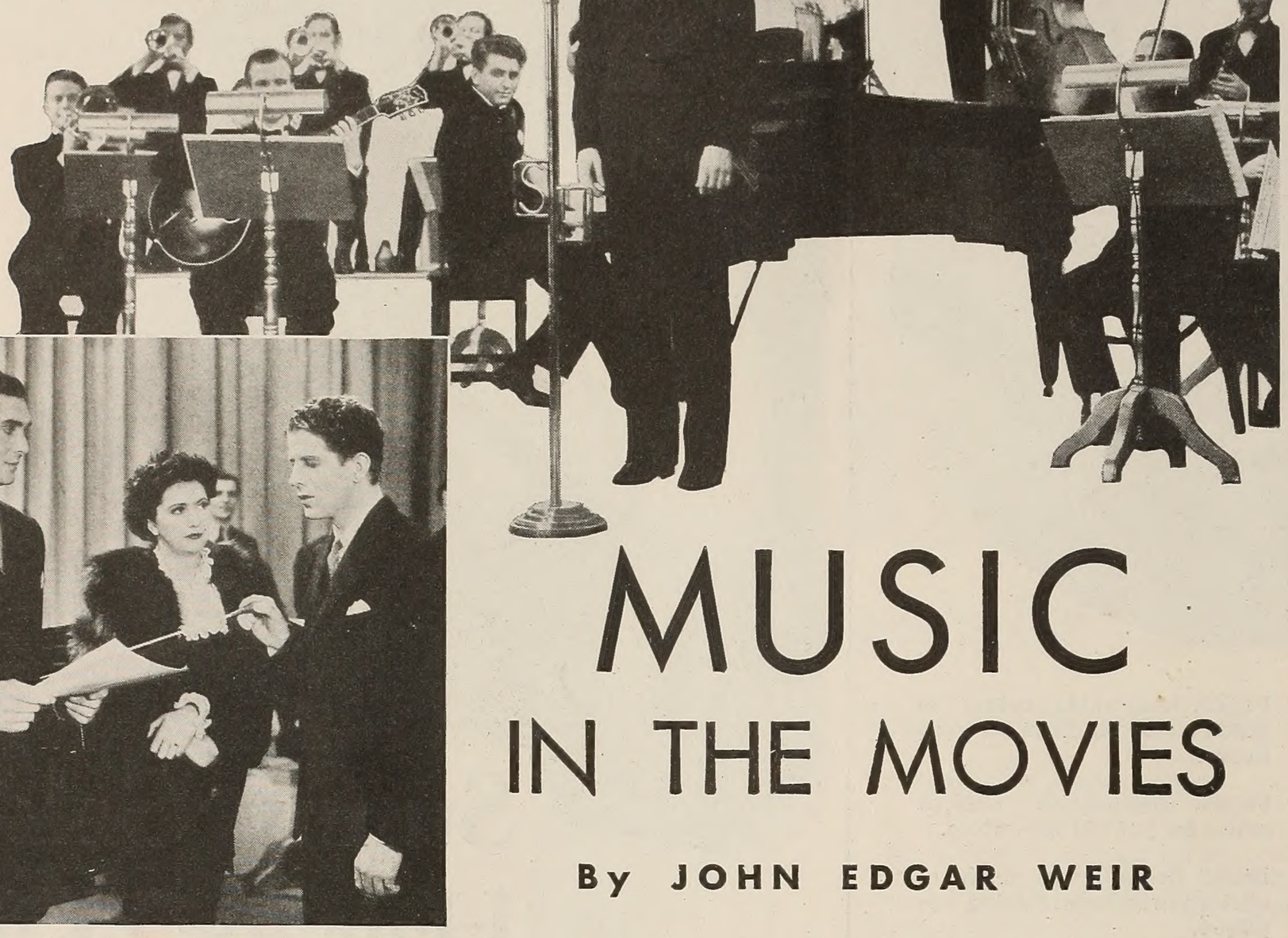
1. I use MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH to lighten or tint hair on my head.....
2. I use MARCHAND'S to make leg hair unnoticeable..... To make arm hair unnoticeable.....
3. I buy one bottle about every 2 weeks..... One bottle a month..... One every few months. ....
4. I've been using for one month..... Few months..... 1 to 2 years..... 2 to 5 years.....

My name is.....

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ANSWER EVERY QUESTION TO RECEIVE FREE SHAMPOO—TEAR OFF and SEND IN

In his recording for you this month Vallee, in "Sweet Music," has learned a few tricks from the English. Below: Rudy with Philip Reed and Helen Morgan.



MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

PICTURE producers continue to turn to radio for a large portion of their musical talent. The latest acquisitions to moviedom's singing stars are James Melton and Everett Marshall. These two vocal artists have won tremendous popularity via the air waves, and movie moguls believe they will emulate their radio success on the screen.

Warner Brothers' "Sweet Music," starring Rudy Vallee, looms as the most important musical production of the month. The Vagabond Lover features several hit songs in this picture, among them "Sweet Music" and the title song, "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle," "Every Day," and "I See Two Lovers." However, because of unavoidable recording delays we are able to include only the last mentioned tune in our record review this month. By the time this review appears in print, recordings of the other featured songs will be available.

The parade of movie versions of successful stage musicals continues with Warner Brothers' elaborate production, "Sweet Adeline," a Broadway hit of 1929, starring Irene Dunne. The celluloid version retains "Why Was I Born?" "Don't Ever Leave Me," and "Here Am I," song-hits from the original stage production, and incorporates a new tune, "Lonely Feet." The score was written by Jerome Kern who gave us, along with dozens of other hits, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Recordings of these songs are reviewed in this issue.

"Music in the Air," produced by Fox, featuring Gloria Swanson and John Boles in stellar roles, is a musical romance of the Gay Nineties. This production also first saw the light of day as a Broadway operetta. Its two major songs are the very beautiful and tuneful "I Told Every Little Star," and "The Song Is You." These are retained from the original stage show and were also written by Jerome Kern, and are probably familiar to you.

And speaking of the trend toward the filming of Broadway musicals, it is believed that Cole Porter's new musical comedy "Anything Goes" will eventually be made into a movie, so, in this month's review, we include the two hit songs from this show for you. They are "You're the Tops," and "All Through the Night," and are recorded by that grand master, Paul Whiteman.

HITS OF THE MONTH

Biggest Hits

"I SEE TWO LOVERS," by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

Also Recommended

"OVER MY SHOULDER," by Ray Noble and his orchestra. (Victor)

"WHY WAS I BORN?" by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I TOLD EVERY LITTLE STAR," by Jack Denny and his orchestra. (Victor)

"ME WITHOUT YOU," by Enric Madriguera and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I SEE TWO LOVERS" from Warner Brothers' "Sweet Music," is by Eddie Duchin and his society orchestra. This is a typical Vallee tune with a sweet melody and the type of love lyric that one instinctively associates with the famous crooner. Duchin treats it interestingly, and incorporates some of his inimitable, brilliant piano work. Lee Sherwood interprets the vocal in a pleasing manner. (Victor.)

RAY NOBLE, England's premier dance orchestra leader, is in the list again. It's seldom that a record comes through with his name on it that isn't a top-notcher. "Over My Shoulder" is the title of the song recorded and it's from the Gaumont-British film "Evergreen." A real, fast-moving tune, handled in the outstanding Noble manner, with great work from both the brass and reed sections. A vocal refrain is included.

"When You've Got a Little Springtime in Your Heart" is the tune on the reverse side and it is also played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. This is an altogether different type of number and is played to medium slow tempo. The sax work is done along the Wayne King style. Another hit to Noble's credit. (Victor.)

"WHY WAS I BORN?" from the picture "Sweet Adeline," is played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. Many of you will remember this. It is a characteristic musical-comedy love song, and enjoyed great popularity during the run of the Broadway stage show. Reisman treats it strictly as a show number, sacrificing rhythm to some extent in order to bring out the rich melody. The vocalist, whose name unfortunately does not appear on the record, handles the assignment exceptionally well.

The reverse side carries "Lonely Feet," a fresh treatment of the "wall flower" theme. Ray Noble, England's famous maestro, does a grand job. (Victor.)

"DON'T EVER LEAVE ME," from "Sweet Adeline," played by Nat Shilkret and his orchestra is an exceptionally fine arrangement with a unique introduction in which the guitar-player does some tricks. Very rhythmic and danceable with plenty of blaring brass work. Harold Lambert delivers the vocal chorus in a captivating manner.

On the other side, Leo Reisman plays "Here Am I," also from "Sweet Adeline." This tune like the Reisman one previously mentioned is played in typical "show style," rather than in dance tempo. The vocalist, again unmentioned, sings it splendidly. (Victor.)

"I TOLD EVERY LITTLE STAR," from "Music in the Air," is played by Jack Denny and his orchestra. This is the hit song from the original show, and, if by chance you've forgotten it, you'll remember it when you hear its first lilting strain. The familiar Jack Denny smoothness predominates, and some unusual fiddle work stands out. Paul Small does the vocal chorus in alluring fashion.

The reverse side offers "The Song Is You" from the same picture. Jack Denny features the voice of Paul Small throughout the greater part of the number. An admirable recording for those who like music of the higher type. (Victor.)

"ME WITHOUT YOU," from the Paramount picture, "One Hour Late," starring Joe Morrison, is played by Enric Madriguera and his band. This is a charming love song, and Señor Madriguera, who is credited with popularizing the tango in our fair land, shows his versatility in his interpretation of this number. The fiddle section, which includes Enric himself, lends charm throughout. The lovely voice of Tony Sacco, of radio fame, is heard in the vocal refrain.

The other side carries "A Little Angel Told Me So," from the same picture, and is also played by Enric Madriguera and his tunicians. A sweet tune in the same groove as the preceding one, also cleverly handled by the Spanish maestro and his boys. Again, Tony Sacco sings the vocal in his captivating style. (Victor.)

FROM Cole Porter's new Broadway musical "Anything Goes," Paul Whiteman records "You're the Tops." This one, being very rhythmic, is an elegant dance tune. Bits of clean, chopping brass work prevail in one of those ultra-modern arrangements, for which Paul Whiteman is so well known. The lyrics, which are refreshingly different, are sung by Peggy Healy and Johnny Hauser.

The other side brings us "All Through the Night" from the same show, which is a more melodic song in a slower tempo. The orchestra, under the baton of Paul Whiteman, is superb in its rendition of this number, and the vocal serves as a surprise. (Victor.)

SOME more songs from "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." This time it's "Rock and Roll" as played by Johnny Johnson and his orchestra. A nice swingy tune done in a medium fast tempo by Maestro Johnson and giving us a vocal chorus by Lee Johnson.

"Oh Leo" is the title of the tune on the other side, also played by Johnny Johnson and his orchestra.

SINCE Franz Lehar's immortal "Merry Widow" has been done for the talkies all of the recording companies are digging through their files and resurrecting some of the old releases. Here is one that Paul Whiteman made a few years back. "Villa" is the title, and it's just as beautiful today as it was when Lehar wrote it.

"The Merry Widow Waltz" is on the other side, also played by Whiteman. These are two swell numbers that everyone should have. (Victor.)

ANOTHER waltz. Angelo Ferdinando and his Great Northern Hotel orchestra play "One Night of Love" from the Columbia film of the same name. If you like three-four time we're sure you'll like this offering.

"If You Love Me, Say So," also played by Angelo Ferdinando and his orchestra. (Bluebird).



TINY TOWER is now published in a new, larger size and mothers everywhere agree that it's

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